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THE ROWERS.

"All seed is in the sower's hands."—ROSSETTI.

Two thousand sowers through the land
Have gone their seeds to strew;
Two, from one seed-sack in every hand
Of every seed that grew.
The two sad men! here, they cast seed then!
The two sad men!

The land a faded straightness grew,
Blank, plastic of every kind,
And, coldly frain, and fulminant too,
In fall a seed would pass from them
For trees grew here, trees grew there,
And trees grew everywhere.

Anon, as many a year went by,
Those sowers came once more;
And wondered much like leaf did sky,
And the scene shrivelled to be but sky.
For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there,
And fruit hung everywhere.

Then plucked they many a berry bright,
None could their right deny;
And some ate but to their delight,
And some ate but to die:
While some pluckers had, and some plucked there,
And some plucked everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood
The seeds they were their own,
Yet as they plucked in each one should,
Each one plucked what he had sown.
So do men here, so do men there,
So do men everywhere.

Enid's Secret.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIBYL," "A WIFE'S CONFESSION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Silence—silence in the great drawing room—silence, and sunshine forcing its way in through the chinks of the drawn blinds, and the motes merrily dancing up and down, down and up, which Arbelle and I kept watching from a quiet corner, hardly daring to do more than follow the life-like objects, for was not aunt Katherine in the room—our grand, stately aunt, who had been summoned but yesterday, and seen for the first time by her trembling little nieces—Arbelle and Enid, the latter being herself? Aunt Katherine had told us to be quiet. She had once or twice glanced gravely towards us, but now she was deeply engrossed in a book—a good one, of course—and Arbelle and I scanned first the golden motes, but always returned from them to our aunt, whose rich jet-trimmed black silk every now and then gave such an ominous rustle.

"Couldn't we go up to the nursery, Arbelle?" I whispered. "It's so dull here. Ask her."

"Better not," said Arbelle, with the superior wisdom of her twelve years; "she won't let us."

"Let's slip away," suggested I. "She won't notice us. Come, Arbelle."

Though two years junior to my only sister, I had invariably been the leader in all rebellions —the instigator to any revolt against nursery discipline—Arbelle following me, sometimes fearfully, sometimes willingly, but never with the boldness that characterized my own misconduct. In this instance we had been forbidden to leave the drawing-room—aunt Katherine had laid her commands upon us—for she said:

"Your mamma's life depends upon the most perfect quiet; a sound—the falling of a pin almost might be fatal to her. So you remain here, children—do you hear me?" she concluded sternly.

"Yes," replied Arbelle in a low voice, whilst I regarded our aunt with anything but friendly eyes, frowning, in fact, as fiercely as my childish brows could contrive to frown.

"Do you, Enid?" she continued. "Do you hear me? I am afraid you are a very naughty girl; you look quite ugly, too, with such a scowl upon your face."

I frowned a little more, if possible, without withdrawing my eyes from here.

"No, I don't hear," I returned stolidly. "I'm going to see mamma myself."

"If you do, you disobedient little monkey, I shall punish you severely!"

"Mamma won't let you." I answered, with great triumph; "she'll send you away if you touch me!"

Aunt Katherine was evidently baffled, for she sat down, repeating that, if we dared to leave the room, we "had better," which Arbelle and I quite understood to mean that it would be worse for us. The former cajoled me into temporary submission by promising to tell me a story—a thing that we had never heard before—something that had really happened—and while I lasted I was fairly quiescent; but I grew tired of the silence, of watching the sunbeams, of counting aunt Katherine—and counting her rings, her chains, and her buttons. Besides, I wanted to see my mother; the nursery was in close proximity to her room—hence my escapade.

"Let's slip away, Arbelle," but Arbelle glanced uneasily towards aunt Katherine. "I'm going," I said aloud.

"That you are not!" exclaimed my aunt, throwing down her book, and jumping up with a celerity surprising considering her somewhat ponderous body and forty Summers. She caught me in a good-natured way, just as I was laying my hand on the door.

"You naughty child—you disobedient little girl—I never met such a little wilful wretch;" —and aunt Katherine pushed me with some violence into a corner. "Stand there until I say you may come out. I never saw such a spoilt brat in my life. Stand there!" she repeated, as I coolly walked off towards the window.

"I won't," cried I; "I want to see mamma, and, if I don't see her, I'll scream and shout till she hears me."

"Oh, you——" And here aunt Katherine's vocabulary evidently failed her; but, as she indeed lowered me with the intention of trying blows, I turned quietly round, and, staring at her most insolently, I knew, said—

"What a face you've got on! What an awful face you've got on!"

It was too much for aunt Katherine. She returned actually fondest to her seat by the table, whilst Arbelle reprovingly rebuked me, and tried, with genuine success, her own gentle remonstrance. I remained for a short time without making another effort. At last the door slowly opened to admit Doctor Tracy, who had for the present almost taken up his abode in our house.

For our mother was ill—how ill neither Arbelle nor myself quite understood, for she had been an invalid ever since we could remember, always suffering just enough to render one constantly necessary, yet well enough to have us, and we children, always with her, and strong enough sometimes to accompany us short distances into the lovely woods and walks surrounding Dene, the only home we had ever known.

Such a dear, kind, gentle mother to both was she—more like the most indulgent of sisters perhaps to Arbelle, but, to me, as devoted a mother as ever existed. I was her favorite, my wilful, wayward, as I undoubtedly was, the warmest corner of her heart belonged to me, though I deserved it far less than good, quiet, steady, sweet Arbelle. Perhaps she clung to me at first because I was born some three months after my father's death, and, as the blooming of his love had never been mine, she made up for it by a double portion of maternal affection.

So I grew up as absolute a little tyrant as ever reigned over willing slaves. No one dreamt of denying "little Enid" anything, no matter how unreasonable the request. "Miss Enid" was the head of the household, as far as sovereignty went, until this unwelcome period arrived, which brought with it our mother's illness and aunt Katherine's arrival.

My feeling cannot be described when my aunt first asserted her authority and tried to conquer me. Fear, however, formed no part of my sensations, which were more those of surprise, indignation and rage. When had we ever been shut out of our mother's room till she came? Where had she come from? Why had she come?

"Hush," whispered Arbelle, "hush! Do, Enid, darling—do hush!"

But I had no such intention until Doctor Tracy's entrance diverted me a moment. I listened in breathless attention to what he had to say.

"How is she, Doctor?" asked my aunt. "Is there any change?"

He glanced quickly toward where we stood, and whispered rather than spoke his reply.

"She has asked for the children. There is a change, my dearest," he continued, addressing us. "Children, can you be very quiet and brave? Your mamma is very ill; you must know it—you have known it for some time. She is sinking now, I fear, and she wants you. Will you control yourselves? I know you will"—turning to Arbelle. "Enid will you try? I am come to take you to her."

A vexed, stunned, and incapable of realizing the dread calamity which an illness could have accustomed me to think calmly of, I moved forward with my sister—whilst aunt Katharine, with loud sobs, buried her face in a delicately embroidered handkerchief—to obey this sudden mandate; out of the great drawing-room into the gallery beyond, up the wide oak staircase with its velvet-pile carpet, on which we noiselessly trod along, on, through upper passages, to the familiar door, into the familiar room, with its well-known contents—the wide dressing table and glittering silver adornments, the pale blue-curtained bed, the great, square, lace-trimmed pillows, the face—ah, what can ever blot out the recollection of that face, so pure, so white, so still, with the large, dark eyes raised yearningly towards us as we entered? The sight was too much for me.

"Mamma," I exclaimed, "mamma, dear, dear, dear, dear mamma!" and I sprang on to the bed, clasping her in my arms with all the desperation born of an awful dread that I was going to lose her.

"My little Enid, my own little Enid, my darling child!" and our lips met in a long clinging kiss. "Arbelle," she said presently, without relaxing her clasp of me, "my dear, good Arb—I guard this treasure; Arbelle promise me—when—I am—gone."

"I will, mamma—I promise you I will," sobbed Arbelle.

"Take the child away," uttered the voice of aunt Katherine, "take her away," and a heavy hand pressed itself upon my shoulder. But the mother was strong even in death; her grasp tightened, whilst mine gathered her more closely to me than ever.

"My little Enid," she said faintly, and then there came a silence, a long awful silence, broken by sobs from Arbelle and aunt Katherine.

"Mamma, mamma," I called out desperately, "speak to me, mamma!"

The dark eyes rested upon me once more, feebly, lingeringly, but the lips never stirred. In another moment the eyelids dropped, there was a faint sigh, and all was over.

* * * * * * * * *

What a change came over the Dene! Where nothing but joyous freedom and love had existed came, if not severity at first, at least a very different state of affairs for my unfortunate self.

Child as I was, I mourned for my mother with a vehemence extraordinary and incomprehensible, not only to those around me, but to the one who knew me best—my calm, quiet sister Arbelle. She had wept abundantly during the first terrible days, but she soon became her own placid self again, steering through the dark night as peacefully as if nothing had happened, whilst I, by her side, would ask myself into almost a frenzy just for one sight of what on earth must ever be denied me. Surely the spirit of our mother must have hovered over me sometimes; surely the spirit of our mother must have grieved to see the desolation of her once cherished little Enid.

We were to remain at Dene, and aunt Katherine was to stay with us. No retrenchments were needful, for Arbelle was an heiress; she it was who owned Dene and all its broad acres. The grand old house, the wide-stretching park, the outlying farms, and all the revenue accruing from them were Arbelle's, and Arbelle's only, for I had share in none; only a younger child's portion had fallen to me, in addition to a small sum left to me by my mother. Arbelle's fortune was something like eight thousand a year, and in right of her heirship she was obliged to assume the name of Vandeleur in place of Marston, my father's name, the property having come through a distant cousin Vandeleur, who had stipulated for the taking of the name with the bedding of the estate; so Arbelle was Miss Vandeleur of Dene, whilst I was simply Miss Enid Marston, with about three hundred a year of my own.

Whilst our mother lived we had never given our different positions a thought—we had shared everything in common—Arbelle, if anything, giving more to me than she retained for herself; and, perhaps because of my mother's marked partiality for me, I was, at the time of her death, certainly the more spoilt and indulged of the two. I do not think any one could have spoilt Arbelle, she was so gentle, so sweet, and so perfectly incapable of doing wrong—very different from the wayward, imperious small sister, myself. But my days of spoiling were over when aunt Katherine's reign began—changed days indeed were before us.

Hitherto we had a kind, easy-going governess, who was supposed to instruct us in the usual branches of English. Arbelle had learned French from our mother, who had vainly tried to tempt me into willingly following her example. But I hated my lessons, detested needlework, and, except when allowed to play a few notes by ear, liked my music little better.

Truth to tell, I must have been a terrible ignoramus, for even a child ten years old, as far as ordinary accomplishments went, though I was far in advance of Arbelle, if aunt Katherine had only examined me on Hans Anderson's fairy tales, or even the Arabian Knights, Robinson Crusoe, or any other of those entertaining volumes which I had pored over since I could read, and which to me were far more fascinating than converting scraps of silk into patchwork, or, under our governess, Miss Churchill's superintendence, producing marvellous little perforated card trifles with "Toilet Tidy" on them in pink or blue letters, as Arbelle did.

But that time was passed—Miss Vandeleur's position required that she should have every advantage; so Miss Churchill was dismissed, and was succeeded by a governess chosen by aunt Katherine, Mademoiselle Fiedler, who was supposed to be more capable of performing the duties of so important an office. And, as Miss Vandeleur's sister, I was to receive my share of instruction also under the same superintendence.

Very sorrowfully were my first schoolroom days passed; in vain I tried to combat Mademoiselle's authority, and even to do battle with aunt Katharine. Equally in vain was I punished by the one and threatened by the other. I was hopelessly idle and incorrigibly naughty—so they both said—such a contrast to Miss Vandeleur, who learned her lessons, repeated them faultlessly, and was never known to my a rude word to anybody.

"You are as different from your sister as night is from day," declared my aunt one day, when Mademoiselle had informed her that I either would not or could not get beyond the third line of that multiplication table—"as stupid as she is clever, as ugly as she is pretty, and——"

"I'm not ugly and I'm not stupid," I interrupted, highly indignant at this reflection upon my appearance.

"Aren't you?" returned my aunt, in a sneering tone. "I think you are both."

I did not deign to reply, but, leaning back in my chair, and casting my eyes up to the ceiling in the hope of preventing a rebellious tear from appearing.

"Say your multiplication table for me instantly," said aunt Katherine. "I'm not going to be brow-beaten by a child like you. Say it at once, or you shall be locked up. Begin—four times one——"

Something surged up within me and I felt utterly incapable of uttering a sound. My silence was endured for a few seconds, and then I was seized by aunt Katherine, and without much ceremony dragged into a small room off the library, where I was told I should remain until I chose to express contrition. I knew Arbelle wept because of my seizure, but I became far more angry than afraid, and struggled most valiantly with the stronger power, upon whom I managed to inflict some very satisfactory kicks, as well as a bite upon her fat white hand, for which I was promptly repaid by a most stinging slap from the injured but, to my misfortune, far from disabled member.

"Little fury—little cannibal—little monster!" aunt Katherine gasped at intervals, until I was fairly bestowed where I was to remain till I expressed contrition.

So the days of our childhood rolled by, with their own share perhaps of sunshine, brightened when a stray visit to old friends called forth a little dissipation, but with a share of sorrow for me at least from constant punishment, rebukes, and reminders of my inferiority to my sister both as regarded appearance and position —comforters infinitely more grieving to Arbelle than to myself. For what does a child know of position? What does a child care for prospects? Though on this latter point I invariably defended myself, more to argue the point with my aunt than for any real ideas of my own upon the subject; for what was Arbelle's was mine—what was mine was Arbelle's. So we had no quarrels, no plainness as to the assisted upon by my aunt as in contrast to my sister's beauty. Arbelle whispered to me quite another story.

CHAPTER II.

Sixty years rolled swiftly by. It was Spring at last—the merriest, gayest Spring. The trees were just budding into ruddy hues preparatory to bursting into brilliant tender green, the woods were fragrant with starry primroses, drooping hyacinths, and innumerable forerunners of Summer. Everything told of that coming season, and Dene had never looked more exquisite.

By-and-by I should also have my share; but at sixteen aunt Katherine decided that it would be unwise even to let me accompany them into town, as my sister's gaieties would only tend to unsettle me; so for the present I was obliged to be contented to remain at Dene.

Arbelle and I had never been separated before. How I missed her! How utterly lonely and forlorn I felt without her! But her letters were a constant pleasure to me, and most faithfully did she busy herself upon me. It amused us to read of her endless engagements—of balls, operas, concerts, and garden parties—less interesting to me than her account of her presentation at Court, of which I was most proud, for was she not my sister?

The Vandeleur diamonds had been reset, and the Court Journal chronicled that amongst the debutantes whose most conspicuous star—Miss Vandeleur of Dene, whose beauty had attracted the kindly notice of royal eyes, and whose loveliness was enhanced by the simplicity of her dress and the splendor of the diamonds she wore.

I read the paragraph again and again—it seemed so strange to see such a notice of Arbelle. Later on came rumors from aunt Katherine that Arbelle's conquests were innumerable—she was the rage, the beauty of the season, and amongst her adorers there was no less a personage than a duke. The Duke of Layneton had singled her out for his special homage, and aunt Katherine was in a perfect whirl of mingled anxiety, delight and triumphant pride.

Arbelle a duchess! I could scarcely realize such a thing, though she was worthy to be a queen in my opinion. Would it alter her very much? Would she be different from dear, sweet Arbelle I loved so much? Somehow the sunshine seemed less gay and pleasant after I heard this news.

Apparently Arbelle was unchanged as yet, for she wrote as often as ever, and all her letters breathed one wish—a desire to see me again, to be once more at Dene! Was I dull? Did I miss her? Was Miss Harding, our governess, who had been left in charge of me, kind? Had the beds in the flower-garden been changed for the Summer yet? Did I ride every day, or did I drive the ponies? Suddenly Arbelle seemed to have become somewhat tired of London—a state of affairs for them rendered startling to his fiancé.

In return for her letters I wrote her volumes. I told her everything that could interest her, always winding up with a great longing to see her again. Dullness was no word for what I felt without her, dear Arbelle.

"Enid," said Miss Harding to me one morning, "I have had a few lines from Mrs. Pynsent" —that was aunt Katherine's name. "She says she thinks we might have a little change if you would like it, as she does not expect to be here with your sister until August. It was May then—almost June—but August seemed so far off that I could not believe it when I heard this.

"August!" I exclaimed. "Oh, surely not," Miss Harding," I continued, willing that they are to be home so soon—aunt Katherine must be dreaming."

"This is her letter," replied Miss Harding; "you can read it for yourself."

I did read it, and was obliged to admit that Miss Harding was right. They were not to be home till August. Invitations had poured in for Miss Vandeleur and her aunt, from all quarters; amongst others, one from the Marchioness of Ullewater, a sister of the Duke of Layneton, who was most anxious that Arbelle should pay her a visit. If they availed themselves of half their invitations, it would be August at the soonest when we might expect them, and, as Miss Harding had, unknown to myself, mentioned something of my longing for my sister, aunt Katherine had had the kindest possible intentions when she proposed a change for me.

I was too disappointed to care where we went.

"I don't care anywhere—it is all the same to me, Miss Harding," I said.

"Is it really, Enid?" she asked anxiously. "Do you really not care——"

"I really don't," I answered; "and you may settle without reference to me. I don't mind in the least."

"Tenby," she said "is Tenby too far? My mother lives there, and, oh, I should be so pleased, so delighted to go there."

"Then let us go," I answered, smiling. "It won't be half if one of us is pleased. I feel too cross to think anything nice."

I wrote a doleful letter to Arbelle, and got back a loving answer joining her regrets to mine about the prolonged separation, but with a vein through her letter of vague pleasure as to the visits they were to pay.

Dene was situated in one of the loveliest parts of Hampshire, with distant views of the Solent to add its own natural beauties. Our usual Summer quarters were on the Isle of Wight, but, without Arbelle, I felt I should be more miserable than at home, so a visit to Tenby was a happy thought of Miss Harding's, to which aunt Katherine made no demurrer. So to Tenby we went the first week in June.

Never shall I forget my raptures over the place, seeing it as I did with all the advantages of a complete change to the unexpected. Of sands, the lovely dancing waters of Carmarthen Bay, the slate-roofed houses, the cosy cottages nestling down amidst blossoming shrubs and gay flowers all was to me charming and delightful from its very novelty.

How happy Miss Harding was! How gladly she permitted me to wander unrestrainedly about upon the faith of my mother's assurance that "nothing could happen to me at Tenby." The place was unusually quiet, the rush of seaside visitors not having yet set in, without restraint I revelled in its beauties, only grieving that I had not Arbelle to share them with me.

One day—a memorable one—I was sitting reading in one of the small sandy caves which abound there, when I was startled and somewhat terrified by the sudden appearance of a most ferocious-looking dog, which bounded up close to me with anything but a friendly expression.

"Down, sir," I cried, valiantly, "down, sir!" but to my terror the dog began to growl most cautiously, and to approach me with an evident intention to attack me. "Down, sir!" I cried, this time in real terror, springing to my feet, feeling as if my doom was sealed, for I had a great fear of dogs at all times. The next instant there was a plunge for ward, I felt the creature's hot breath, I could see his shining fangs, and then, above all, I heard a voice, a full mellow, manly voice calling to the dog off. What it said was hardly distinguishable to me, for my senses were simply deserting me from the desperate fright I had received, but the dog understood, and slunk off.

"The brute hasn't hurt you, I trust? What can I say to tell you how sorry I am!"

This was addressed to me by a young man of about eight-and-twenty, with a rough shooting-coat and knicker-bockers on, and I was trying about him, even his dress, but most particularly his piercing gray eyes and their darked-fringed lids, the well-formed aquiline nose, the firm well-cut mouth, and lithe, active perfectly-built figure.

"I—I don't know," I stammered; "I thought it had killed me."

"No wonder—I am so grieved. It was enough to startle you. But he was only playing; he would not have bitten you—at least he has never before been vicious. I shan't, however, take him out again. You are faint," he said, suddenly, seeing me grow very pale. "What can I do?"

"Nothing," I answered. "I was stupid to be so frightened, and a little faint, too, remembering what it might have done. I shall go home now," and I got up preparing to depart. "You won't let your dog come near me?"

"If you will permit me, I will see you home," said my companion.

I raised no objections, too innocent to have a thought as to the possible breach of propriety Miss Harding might consider it, and too glad to be protected against another possible onslaught from the dog.

We did not walk without talking, and before we got to Miss Harding's home I had told my new friend that we were there for merely a short time, and enlightened him on other points—in fact, we became quite friendly. I had never been more communicative—it quite shocked me when I thought of it afterwards—as I had told him. But he was so pleasant, so easy, and so well-bred, that it was impossible not to be unconstrained.

"Do you stay here?" he said, when we reached my destination. "Why, this is Mrs. Harding's house, my old tutor's mother. She knows me well; I must go in and remind her of my existence."

This was most satisfactory. We went in, and the new comer was most cordially greeted as "Captain Irwin." Evidently a great man he was in Mrs. Harding's opinion.

The adventure with the dog was duly enlarged upon, Miss Harding expressing the utmost thankfulness at my escape, and declaring her determination never again to permit lonely rambles.

"But what good could you have done?" I asked, laughing merrily, now that all danger was over. "It was I who saved you."

"It was lucky I was there," put in the low tones of Captain Irwin. "I can't tell you how glad I am;" and the gray eyes met mine with an expression of kindness in them which made me blush crimson, to my great wrath.

"And I do feel so thankful, too," observed Miss Harding. "If anything had happened to Miss Marston, her aunt would never have forgiven me."

"All's well that ends well," said Captain Irwin; and I thoroughly endorsed his opinion, for my adventure had introduced a new and most welcome element into the dullness of Tenby. I began to wonder how long he was going to stay, and thought how pleasant an addition his society would be to that of Miss Harding and her invalid mother. He stopped for tea that afternoon, and the next morning appeared at the cottage accompanied by his dog, Nero, whom he had brought expressly to receive my forgiveness. I had to go out in the garden to grant it, where Nero awaited me with a very guilty, conscious look in his great wise eyes.

From the garden, Nero bounded down to the sands, and it was a natural consequence that Captain Irwin and myself should stroll after him. Then followed wonderful performances in the sea by Nero, much to my amusement. I was so happy that I did not even object to a shocking splashing all over my fresh muslin dress, from his shaggy coat. Then we sat down and, like two veritable children, amused ourselves by throwing stones into the sea.

It was an innocent occupation, and, when Miss Harding caught sight of us seated so close under her windows, she was satisfied to let me remain. Captain Irwin might be trusted. I was quite safe whilst in his society.

The more I saw of him, the more wondrously my new acquaintance attracted me—it was a new delight to me to be admired, for I was Cinderella Irwin. Something stirred within me, vague and indescribable a something hardly tangible or acknowledged, yet sweet and strange for, as I was to find out later on, neither time nor knowledge was wanted. I had sprung from a child into a woman and in this marvellous transformation I realized one overwhelming fact I loved Cinderella Irwin.

Days passed all too quickly by bright sunshiny days spent almost entirely with Captain Irwin. He was also organized a clamoring never to be forgotten expedition to Pembroke castle, which Miss Harding sketched whilst we wandered all over the place, too hurry for her taste to be able to go on an impromptu tea party in the very sandy nook where the dog had first frightened me—he who took most boating, to my delight and poor Miss Harding's misery—he who made Tenby delightful to me, though he never said one word, never even gave me a look that might not have been bestowed upon a sister, and had so little interest in me that he never asked me a question about my home, nor alluded to any relatives I might have.

He did not care. I would not enlighten him. From the first Arbelle's name had never been mentioned: afterwards a sort of pride sealed my lips regarding her. But, though I realized his indifference, it in no way cured me of my fancy for him. I had—unmistakenly and shocking as it was—given him my love. Perhaps some slight suspicion of the state of affairs accounted for Miss Harding's telling me one evening that Captain Irwin would be leaving Tenby soon.

"He is going northwards to pay visits," she said. "He has been very kind and nice, hasn't he, Enid?"

"Very," I assented, "very kind and nice."

"He thinks you a charming child," observed Miss Harding.

"A lovely, charming child," corrected old Mrs. Harding; "you should not cut the compliment in two, Emily."

"I did not want to make Enid vain," replied my governess.

"That would be difficult," I remarked, in a hard dry voice. "To be considered a charming child is certainly not enough—even with 'lovely' added to it."

The regular monotone of the waves washing up on the sandy shore seemed suddenly to be endowed with speech—in the ever-recurring "hush" of the sound I seemed to hear distinctly over all—

"A charming child—a lovely, charming child!"

CHAPTER III.

Great was the excitement one morning when a small boy was seen approaching bearing a telegram. It was early—not yet nine o'clock—when it came, and we were just finishing breakfast, which I had lingered over somewhat longer than Miss Harding, having been declaiming a long epistle from Arbelle which had come by the early post.

"What can have happened? What can it be?" exclaimed Miss Harding, tearing the telegram open on finding it was addressed to her.

One glance told us, for nothing could have been more explicit than the order it contained, though the cause of it was but vaguely set forth.

"Mrs. Pynsent, Eminsmore Gardens, Prince's Gate, to Miss Harding, The Cottage, Tenby. —Start with Enid instantly for town. An accident happened. Leave no time."

"Arbelle is dead!" I said. "She has been killed!"

"When can we go?" exclaimed Miss Harding, helplessly. "What are we to do, Enid?"

"Do?" cried I, in sudden anguish. "Start off now—instantly—don't you see it must be Arbelle? The telegram is from aunt Katherine. Why should they start me if something had not happened to Arbelle?"

I had thought about her so little lately, her letters had not all been answered. Those I had sent had been short and unsatisfactory, and I had studiously concealed from her all our doings at Tenby, fully meaning when we met to tell her everything.

In one half-hour we must be off if we wished to catch the express train to town. Short as the time was, it seemed an age to me in my terrible anxiety and grief; but to poor Miss Harding doubtless the space in which to collect our belongings was limited enough.

What a cruelly-worded telegram I thought it, as seated safely in the train, speeding towards London, I read and re-read aunt Katherine's message. "An accident happened. Lose no time:" these were the words that seemed to stamp themselves into my very brain as we whirled along. What could it be? What could have happened to Arbelle?

"It is useless to conjecture, Enid," observed Miss Harding. "I am afraid to think what it can be myself, but we shall soon know the worst. Had it not—could it be that Arbelle is much more trying if your aunt had desired you not to come——"

"Do you think I would have staid away?" I said fiercely. "Do you think anything or anybody would have kept me away from Arbelle?"

"No, no one, not even Champney Irwin, I thought suddenly remembering him, and wondering if he had missed us yet. Probably he had gone down on the sands with Nero, and was looking about for the "charming child" his companion that had been during those few last sunny days at Tenby.

Would he miss me at all? Should I ever see him again? If so, when and how? Ah, yes, that was a hard problem for me to solve—when and how? Perhaps I should never see him again the chances were against it: he had shown so little curiosity to know where we lived or anything about us he would probably think the lovely charming child" with some such kindly mention, and think of her no more, while she felt a very constant woman as she whirled on, farther from Champney Irwin, and nearer to Arbelle.

On our arrival we drove through the busiest part of London busy, raging noisy London, with its crowded street, its crowds of carriages and multitudinous vehicles, its palatial mansions and its brilliant shops, its countless thousands hurrying through the streets on full we reached more aristocratic regions, where our destination was to be found, and Miss Harding's cab drew up before a large mansion in Prince's Gate.

Our rapid glance towards the face curtained flower-decked windows sufficed to lift a load from my heart. Arbelle was still alive, and I felt strange for, even in the midst of my grief, I had come before the driver had even descended from his seat.

"What is the matter?" I demanded of a footman who ran down the steps to meet us. "Is anything wrong our own old butler, I learnt from him that my sister had not left town on account of the previous afternoon. How came aunt Katherine looking flushed and excited?

"Oh, Enid, she said, kissing me. I am so glad you have come in time."

Take me to her, I said, and then my voice failed me, for I could not ask my question. For an impromptu tea party in the very sandy nook where the dog had first frightened me—he who took most boating, to my delight and poor Miss Harding's misery—he who made Tenby delightful to me, though he never said one word, never even gave me a look that might not have been bestowed upon a sister, and had so little interest in me that he never asked me a question about my home, nor alluded to any relatives I might have.

He did not care. I would not enlighten him. From the first Arbelle's name had never been mentioned: afterwards a sort of pride sealed my lips regarding her. But, though I realized his indifference, it in no way cured me of my fancy for him. I had—unmistakenly and shocking as it was—given him my love. Perhaps some slight suspicion of the state of affairs accounted for Miss Harding's telling me one evening that Captain Irwin would be leaving Tenby soon.

"He is going northwards to pay visits," she said. "He has been very kind and nice, hasn't he, Enid?"

"Very," I assented, "very kind and nice."

"He thinks you a charming child," observed Miss Harding.

"A lovely, charming child," corrected old Mrs. Harding; "you should not cut the compliment in two, Emily."

"I did not want to make Enid vain," replied my governess.

"That would be difficult," I remarked, in a hard dry voice. "To be considered a charming child is certainly not enough—even with 'lovely' added to it."

The regular monotone of the waves washing up on the sandy shore seemed suddenly to be endowed with speech—in the ever-recurring "hush" of the sound I seemed to hear distinctly over all—

"A charming child—a lovely, charming child!"

CHAPTER III.

Great was the excitement one morning when a small boy was seen approaching bearing a telegram. It was early—not yet nine o'clock—when it came, and we were just finishing breakfast, which I had lingered over somewhat longer than Miss Harding, having been declaiming a long epistle from Arbelle which had come by the early post.

"What can have happened? What can it be?" exclaimed Miss Harding, tearing the telegram open on finding it was addressed to her.

One glance told us, for nothing could have been more explicit than the order it contained, though the cause of it was but vaguely set forth.

"Mrs. Pynsent, Eminsmore Gardens, Prince's Gate, to Miss Harding, The Cottage, Tenby. —Start with Enid instantly for town. An accident happened. Leave no time."

"Arbelle is dead!" I said. "She has been killed!"

"When can we go?" exclaimed Miss Harding, helplessly. "What are we to do, Enid?"

"Do?" cried I, in sudden anguish. "Start off now—instantly—don't you see it must be Arbelle? The telegram is from aunt Katherine. Why should they start me if something had not happened to Arbelle?"

I had thought about her so little lately, her letters had not all been answered. Those I had sent had been short and unsatisfactory, and I had studiously concealed from her all our doings at Tenby, fully meaning when we met to tell her everything.

In one half-hour we must be off if we wished to catch the express train to town. Short as the time was, it seemed an age to me in my terrible anxiety and grief; but to poor Miss Harding doubtless the space in which to collect our belongings was limited enough.

What a cruelly-worded telegram I thought it, as seated safely in the train, speeding towards London, I read and re-read aunt Katherine's message. "An accident happened. Lose no time:" these were the words that seemed to stamp themselves into my very brain as we whirled along. What could it be? What could have happened to Arbelle?

"It is useless to conjecture, Enid," observed Miss Harding. "I am afraid to think what it can be myself, but we shall soon know the worst. Had it not—could it be that Arbelle is much more trying if your aunt had desired you not to come——"

"Do you think I would have staid away?" I said fiercely. "Do you think anything or anybody would have kept me away from Arbelle?"

"No, no one, not even Champney Irwin, I thought suddenly remembering him, and wondering if he had missed us yet. Probably he had gone down on the sands with Nero, and was looking about for the "charming child" his companion that had been during those few last sunny days at Tenby.

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"Oh, Enid, she said, kissing me. I am so glad you have come in time."

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so safe and so steady—but he was startled of something in the flow, and then started off, Whether she got nervous or not no one knows, but she lost all control of the animal, and was thrown heavily. She was brought home unconscious."

That was the whole story. I need not have been told it, for it was enough to know that my bright beautiful sister Arbelle was perhaps dying, and that soon I should be utterly alone in the world. I never left her other bearing the news. Great aunt Katherine seemed to know I had the best right to be by her side. Miss was the hand that smoothed her pillow—mine the hand that gently withheld in doing what my aunt would have done during over the pale lips the drops of nourishment without which nature must have succumbed—mine was the eye that first noted a favorable change, and the ear that first caught the blue open when at last they closed and painfully unclosed again—but mine was not the first sense she witnessed. The tones were not for me to speak, and I doubted if mother's ear refrain of "Arbelle," and was startled when it heard "Enid," but at last she knew me, and with what overwhelming joy I heard the gasping—almost inaudible—pronounced aloud with care and quiet Miss Vandeleur's recovery might be considered certain!

Oh, how joyous I was! What a relief I felt from the gnawing anxiety and anguish I had gone through since first summoned from Tenby! It was only a week since then, yet years might have been lived through if time were to be measured by the amount of pain compressed into it.

Gradually Arbelle's convalescence progressed, until, to our unspeakable thankfulness, she was considered well enough to be carried down to the drawing-room, where some of her most privileged friends were permitted to see and congratulate her. Most unwearied had Sir Grace of Layneton's inquiries been; more than once had I caught sight from the lace-veiled windows of a dark aristocratic face, driving away behind a pair of magnificent horses in a splendidly-appointed mail-phaeton.

I had a girlish curiosity to see this great man of whom aunt Katherine was never tired of speaking, though even in our confidential conferences Arbelle rarely or never referred to him. It seemed as if a restraint had a certain extent rose between us—a something we had never known before.

I knew perfectly well what it was, for often had I ever had a secret from Arbelle before? She kept nothing from me—that I felt sure of, but I was always dreading lest an incautious word of mine should enlighten her or aunt Katherine as to my acquaintance with Captain Irwin. Aunt Katherine's partiality for Arbelle had not diminished as years had gone by, but I fancied, though my sister had the warmest corner of her heart, she liked me better than in the old days, when I certainly had not tried to reconciliate her.

"You are improved, Enid, she said one morning when Arbelle had been brought down to the drawing-room and we were sitting chatting together. "You were a terrible child when I first took charge of you."

"I am afraid I was, aunt Katherine," I answered frankly "a sad confrast to this darling;" and I glanced fondly at Arbelle.

"Yes, in looks as well as behavior," agreed my aunt. "But I think I was a trial of the ugly duckling, Enid. You are growing quite pretty."

"Pretty" echoed Arbelle. "Pretty" isn't the word for Enid. I say lovely."

"Oh, don't?" I cried, blushing deeply. You are both laughing at me."

"I am not," declared Arbelle; and aunt Katherine said something to the same effect, appending a lengthy exhortation as to the charms of humility.

Afterwards I wondered whether there was any truth in what they had said for I could see no beauty in the dark auburn hair the colorless face, or in the gray hazel of my eyes, so different from Arbelle's lovely flaxen fairness and blue-lustrous orbs.

Poor Arbelle was very weak and shattered still after her accident, but change of air only was now wanting to restore her, and the doctors who attended her strongly advised that she should go for a month or so to some German watering-place where her strength would be recruited, the idea for some reason pleased Arbelle, so it was decided that we should all start as soon as she was considered able to bear the fatigue of the journey.

"I am sure I could go now, aunt Katherine," she said. "I feel ever so much better."

"Do you, dearest?" replied aunt Katherine. "But you must not be rash As you feel so well, Arbelle, could you receive a very special visitor to-day?"

"Who is it?" she asked, flushing brightly.

"The Duke of Layneton," was the reply. He wishes very much to see you and I really think, Arbelle, dear——"

"Oh, no, aunt, I couldn't! I really couldn't. He is very kind and very nice—but——"

"Now, Enid, use your influence," interrupted aunt Katherine, "you dislike children throwing away the most brilliant alliance in England for a shadow, a myth, an impossibility."

"Who is the shadow?" I asked, laughing. "Come now, Arbelle, don't disappoint me. I never even saw a duke until I caught a glimpse of your adorer. Do let him come, just to indulge me."

"You cannot be so rude, dear Arbelle," urged my aunt. "It isn't in you to be so unmannerous and, when he has positively asked to see you, I don't see how you can possibly refuse."

"If he only came as an ordinary friend," faltered Arbelle. "He is so nice, but I could never——"

"Never is a long word," observed aunt Katherine, "and when you can admit his 'niceness,' that is a great point. He is without exception the most eligible part in England—a duke, immensely rich, extremely good-looking, young, yet steady to a degree. Oh,

—Polly should I marry at all, if I don't marry the man I really care for?

Aunt Katherine's reply was in such low tones that it sounded like a soliloquy, as most only for herself.

I only caught the words, "Wait, Cornelia," and Arbella, hearing them distinctly, turned pale with agitation.

"Don't," she said, faintly—"don't, aunt Katherine!"

"They will. Am I to deny the Duke this entrance? Shall I say you are not well enough yet? He won't come until late in the afternoon."

"No," said Arbella, softly. "It is best to get it over. Let him come this once.

So the Duke came, and paid his devoirs to Arbella, who was lying on the couch, looking fair and fragile in her soft white dress with a cloudy transparent shawl wrapped lightly around her. A delicate flush was on her cheeks, but upon sparkled brilliantly, whether her gold or her diamonds might be the more dazzling to the beholder.

The Duke was the "wiser" than I had expected. From aunt Katherine's conversations I had fancied he was far more engrossed with his own importance and value than I found him to be; nor was there any undue suppression in his manner towards Arbella. Evidently he admired her, and for the first time, he might have cut for beyond admiration—he might be utterly devoted to her. But I felt sure, if he once guessed his devotion was unwelcome, his consideration and the dissemblance would be simultaneous.

The proposed German trip was mentioned to his Grace, who expressed a most earnest wish that Arbella might feel well enough shortly, and dotted in a few weeks as well as ever.

"And equal to the festivities at Dane in the Autumn," added aunt Katherine, addressing the Duke. "I know you will be pleased to see the pleasure of a visit at that time, and Arbella seems to give quite a series of entertainments."

"Oh, how delightful!" I ejaculated. "Why, Arbella, you never told me you meant to have anything so nice."

"Did you care for the idea, Enid," said Arbella, softly. "I did not fancy you would."

"I should imagine Miss Marston would thoroughly appreciate a ball," remarked the Duke.

"Oh, she is so young!" said aunt Katherine. "She does not know anything about balls. Enid has had no experience beyond the school room—she is a child still," concluded my aunt, laughing, whilst the warm blood mounted to my cheeks at the ridicule.

"A very happy child then," said the Duke, smiling.

He was chatted on merrily enough until our refreshments were produced, when at his request, aunt Katherine was in a flutter of gratified excitement after he left, and Arbella brightened up sufficiently to discuss the probability of having a public ball, but I was in a pensive vein, and no dispersion with the theme in challenge.

"I don't like the crossing, aunt Katherine," I remarked. "I do not know anything about balls. Enid has had no experience beyond the school room—she is a child still," concluded my aunt, laughing, whilst the warm blood mounted to my cheeks at the ridicule.

"A very happy child then," said the Duke, smiling.

"Nothing, oh, nothing!" replied my sister. "It was only that I fancied I was better, and did not care to remain so quiet as I was."

"Come, come, my Dana," I suggested. "Oh, do, Arbella! Don't pay any visits, but come straight home. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes," said Arbella, hesitatingly, "I don't think just yet, Enid darling."

"Well, you know best," replied I; "but in your place I should choose home."

"I think Enid is right," remarked aunt Katherine—"at present, myself, I don't want to advise you either way."

"Then, if you don't choose home," cried I, "choose Dane, as I can go there with you, but I can't pay visits.

"I think it is a good sign, Enid," said my aunt, after Arbella had retired that same evening. "She is more herself, I mean, than she was upon the Duke. It was his visit that made her change her mind about him; she would never have hesitated, I fancy, but for a pain from detrimental who came across her, and for whom she has conceived the most insane fancy. Has she told you about it?"

"No," I answered, feeling rather hurt at Arbella's silence. "She has told me nothing. What is there to tell?"

"Not much certainly, and as she has not mentioned it, neither shall I. She's far more her in favor of the Duke, Enid. It would be sisterly kindness if you did—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POEMS OF THE EGYPTIAN LOVERS SENT.

To study and copy the laws, the knowledge of which will enable every one who so might be called upon at any moment to administer them; to note down the events of the time and to record them in those ever moving forms by acknowledged occupations of like nature, were the duties of the scribe, and his carefully maintained contemporary annals every great man kept his journal—a practice of which Mehemet Ali, perhaps, made the extreme example. There never was a more intricate clock-work than that of the Venetian State—every wheel and pinion and the wheels were so confusedly oiled, repaired, altered, and constantly changed, by a body of vigilant administrators, trained from youth upwards for these functions. In this light it may be said that so as patriarchy, circumlocution, practice of circumlocution, and loss of time but also much of the secret of the prosperity of the Republic. Such were the incessant public duties of the Venetian patrician that a newly married man had to set apart a day to visit his wife, or to give her even the protection due from him. Hence, we may trace the origin of the "cavaliere servente" system which began in all decorum; an elderly and honorable man being selected at the marriage by the lady's family—himself generally one of them—to attend her in public places, and generally to public and social duties.

The Three Inquisitors of State were hence constituted in the aristocracy, even century, though a separate head were no addition, being themselves the integral portion of the Council of Ten. And, like that, dealing only with political offenders. The power of the Doge, in proportion as it was her life, and the Council of Ten, instead of the gradually reduced to the mere shadow of sovereignty. Nevertheless, the ceremonial has preserved here, like the laws, tightened with every reign; a body of five magistrates, elected each time, called Correttori, or correctors, and these generally curtailed the dazzling power of each election; and three "inquisitori del Doge defunto" investigated the acts and conduct of the late before decreeing him a public funeral. Such was the responsibility for any defalcation. So jealously was all his foreign influence excluded that no Patrician was eligible to the post of Doge who had been out of the State, and no Doge's son could marry a foreigner. Further, the Doge could hold no property out of the Venetian States, and was compelled to sell such as he might previously possess on his election. He could not quit Venice or the Lagoons without the consent of Maximum, on pain of a fine of 100 lbs. of gold, and he could not receive from a letter, public or private, without submitting it to his Councilors, on pain of 300 lbs. of gold. One son only of a Doge might continue to sit in the Maggior Consiglio, and he could not vote, nor could any son or brother hold a government office either during his life, or for four years after the death of the Doge. The officers that had been attached to his person were ineligible for a year. The Doge was also forbidden to speak to any foreigner, or to receive any letter or present from his friend, or lend the keys to him, and he was subject at the death of "monsignore" to the Grand Chancellor of the Grand Council. Finally the Doge was compelled to swear to the observance of all the laws by which Venice was governed, and to the fine of his death. Such was the Doge, and such the Republic, which, for a thousand years, was the wonder of the world.

OUR PICNIC.

A GLIMPSE OF A GOLDEN DAY.

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

WORDSWORTH.

It was most unfortunate that Arbella's illness should have arrived from Bombay at the very moment of my budding happiness. I had never seen him, but I had heard that he was funny, adventurous, and full of stories and of fun. He was my mother's eldest brother, twenty years her senior, and she had always stood terribly in awe of him. He was a bachelor, however, with piles of money, and she was quite ready to receive him with open arms when he announced his advent to our parsonage home after a sojourn of fifteen years in India.

I was the eldest of seven children, and had just become engaged to Tom Trueman. He was only a bank clerk, and my father said he had no brains and would never be anything better. But then he had fine eyes and a dashing manner, and I said there was no chance of anything better for me, so I might as well be engaged to him, at all events. My mother was yielding and gentle, and when I kissed her with some added warmth and joyousness in my caresses she could refuse me nothing.

"Well, Jessie," she murmured, "please your self. But if you are not to marry, dear, I can see what good it will do to you to be tied up in this way."

"Why, it makes me happy; is that no good?" I cried. "Tom is fond of me, and I of him. Isn't it pleasant to think we belong to one another?"

I am afraid my arguments would not have carried much weight with my mother, but mine was an exceptionally good one, and I had my own way. As to my father, he was too hard worked in his scattered parish in the county F— ground to trouble himself with the trifles as girls' fancies. He was somewhat of a book worm too, a student of the old school, and if we left him to his pamphlets and his parish sisters for peace, he let us do pretty much as we pleased.

It was just at this crisis that the blow of my uncle's visit came. Though I had to devote extra time and thought to the polishing up of the house, and the replenishing of the larder domestic, in honor of the event, I could have borne all that. But another shock supervened.

On the very day of his arrival my mother sauntered in her drawing room, where I was giving the last touch to the flower vases, and closed the door solemnly behind her.

"Jessie," she said, "I hope you have warned Tom and his mother of your coming. Of course all that nonsense must be at an end now."

"Why?" I ejaculated, and the Bohemian glass I held gave a sympathetic thrill in my hand.

"Your Uncle Tawney can't bear anything of a partiality. It's one of his peculiarities."

"How many has he?" I cried impulsively.

"Are we to study them all? If he objects to Tom's presence now, it is quite possible he may dower to my existence next."

"Come, Jessie, be sensible, our uncle has had disappointments of old, and we must show him a little consideration. Besides, he won't stay long."

The last words were added with a half sigh, in which regret and relief were strangely mingled. A prescient feeling had stolen over her that every propitiatory preparation would be in vain.

"I know he won't stay long, Jessie," she repeated. "But while he is here, I beg you will be careful about Tom."

"Careful for his comforts? Yes, mother."

"Now, Jessie dear," the warning tone assumed to me that I was stake sophisticated with and confided in.

I could not resist the latter appeal. When I am not contradicted, I usually yield, and my heart like mine shows itself self-sacrificing. A minute later I had penned a few blurred lines to Tom. He was sure to turn up at five o'clock every afternoon, and this unlucky interview must be gently corrected in the emergency.

"Dearest Tom, I wrote: "A stormy fate separates us for the present. An ill wind has blown from over the seas a blustering nave of an uncle, who must be appeased I am told, at all hazards. He has a penalty of a very unattractive temper—nothing else that I can make out. He has no wife, at all events, and cannot bear another woman to think of. For my sake I am a rigid old maid, invisible to gentlemen during his stay. Remember this, please, and write to me to anything. Yours in separation, Jessie."

Uncle Tawney came by the four o'clock train. Mother and I, with one of the children, went to meet him in the pony-carriage, and though it was a Summer day he was muffled up to the eyes.

This, his informed us, was to "keep the heat out." But his form would have needed some extra investitures, if the precaution was to attend to his temperament. Before he was well on the platform he was sweating at every pore with his umbrella when I ventured to dissent from his opinion regarding the cooling nature of woollen mufflers and mittens.

"Will you please to mind your own business?" he growled, as the porter drew up before a little wooden gate, where we alighted. There was no carriage drive within, only a pretty winding path, and here, being released from the shaft, the proximity to my uncle I felt free for an instant.

The next I started. I saw some one leaning against a tree, not a dozen paces away. The figure was evidently dressed, and with a thrill of guilty terror I recognized Tom.

I think my mother discerned him at the same moment. She I caught something like a faint scream, and then I felt myself thrust on one side and unconscious. He came forward at once.

"How are you, Tom?" he said, with a hearty hand shake, "you got out early to day. I did not think you could have been here before us.

So it was he had done it. He often, indeed, laughed in this way, being of an absent turn of mind, and wholly unable to comprehend any of the little complications and intricacies which perplex those less fortunate. His absence of appearance was nullified by the dread of what must ensue. Already I had a fierce grasp on my arm from uncle Tawney, and a full-toned voice thundered—

"Who's that, girl? Who's that?"

"Nothing—nobody—a friend of papa's," I said faintly.

At this crisis a fortunate diversion was created by the baskets. One of them, the smallest and most precious, that containing uncle's soda-water and cream, was set forth on the grass for passage, till I had freed myself from the fierce grasp, and I could hear mother's voice, as she called to her son.

"Don't you think it time for your tea, Tom? There's Miss Oldham—just come to her and carry her umbrella. She may leave you a legacy in the end."

"You are a goose," said the one reassured, "that's more to the point."

"What, if I am one, father, a good example," and I felt him prickly, as I heard a shrill laugh.

I was free from the touch of uncle's umbrella. But what could be done? My mother must be pleased, lest if uncle could not be propitiated, and the possibility of the latter process I began to bury grave fears.

My fears manifested in such close proximity up the walk now that I was almost sinking. A chattering brooklet was on one side, a dark shade of fir trees on the other, and I could hear the rustling through the branches, but I dared not be enticed to a neighborhood only. We were all soon in movement, except for a growling uncle, who was left to mount guard over the baskets, and I was conducted to the fresh springs further on.

Mother was hurried about personally, and later on my sister Ethel and a cigar between his lips, when my mother thought it a propitious season for unfolding her plans for the coming day. The weather was lovely. We had a famous "show port" in the neighborhood, and thither she had planned we should go, and I sauntered with some invited guests, for a picnic repast.

"It will be so pleasant and cool," she concluded, and she turned her eyes considerately on Uncle Tawney's form, which was up to boiling point.

"Cool!" exclaimed the gentleman, with another bound in the chair. "A picnic is the hottest thing in creation. The meats are baked (food I detest), the ground, the goose-everything, and more flies swallowed than would fatten an army of spiders."

"James, dear, you don't know our country," expostulated my mother. "Mondale is one of the sweetest, shadiest spot, imaginable. It is never too dry."

"Then it's too damp, of course. I forgot your climate, always at rain. There'll be a down pour the moment we're under weigh."

"No, my dear," said my mother earnestly. "The sky looks too well for that, James, and the glass is rising. You will see we shall have a lovely day. And Mondale is just what I say, the most refreshing place in summer in—"

"Ay, that's the word!" he interrupted, emphatically. "Wander; wander away! Every one's at it. None keep together. You can find nobody you like and nothing you want. The place can't be settled upon, the people can't be gathered. A pair of fools manage to enjoy themselves, and spoil the day for every one else. They are being hunted up in all occasions, and are never forthcoming till the whole company is hoarse, and broken up in scouring detachments. No, no! I know your pleasures of old, and their pleasant notability. The party won't keep together,"

"They shall do so to-morrow, James. I'll see to it, I'll insist upon it."

"Try, try!" he repeated sardonically.

I thought of Tom and uttered a mental thanksgiving that he was not to be of our number. That night after tea I wrote to Uncle Tawney's coat-tails would have been too cruel a drag upon us.

"Some of the party must go, as all events," said my father quietly. "We can't be rude to parishioners, and the people are asked."

"And the meats baked," I added, with a laugh.

"Curry's a lobster curry," put in my mother hurriedly.

"A deadly dangerous dish. Who's to eat of that, I'd like to know?" and uncle looked hotter than ever.

"I had intended it for you," stammered my mother.

"But it can be transferred to the truant couple who are to give such trouble," I interposed. "Possibly it may have a lowering effect on them."

Uncle scowled on me, but I vanished into the drawing-room, and began to dash off something on the piano, which drowned his comments, at all events.

The next morning his objections seemed to have been overruled. We started, in any case, with a dozen or so friends, and were joined by several friends on the route.

The weather unhappily was perfect. Uncle Tawney had nothing to grumble about. He was in terrible humor. He carried a large umbrella, with a formidable handle, which he was determined should not have been brought forth for nothing. He hit out with it, right or left, as the fancy struck him, and I seemed scarcely add that his energy was not aimless.

"It'll rain!" he exclaimed suddenly, spying a cloud no bigger than a sheep. "I always can tell. There'll be a downpour at dinner-hour."

"I don't think so, James," ventured my mother. "The sky never looked better."

"Will you be kind enough to mind your own business?" What a climate you have, to be sure!"

He had seen the very best of it; so what was to be said to him? If he grew overheated, he caught cold; if he shook a hand, wounds and mistiness? What a climate you have, to be sure!

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My mother had been careful about the company. There was nothing approaching to a young or young people in the collection. We had a few dingy married folk, four old maids, three gray-headed bachelors, and any of the young people who were out of their teens, and these were all of the shadiest and most companions. Matters being arranged in this dull and dreadful fashion, she thought uncle Tawney must be happy, and indeed everything went on with charming smoothness for a while. He only attacked her about every ten minutes for not having us all in water-proofs and galoshes, and for wearing a pretty frock from which she could not be driven. Yours in separation, Jessie."

Uncle Tawney came by the four o'clock train. Mother and I, with one of the children, went to meet him in the pony-carriage, and though it was a Summer day he was muffled up to the eyes.

This, he informed us, was to "keep the heat out." But his form would have needed some extra investitures, if the precaution was to attend to his temperament. Before he was well on the platform he was sweating at every pore with his umbrella when I ventured to dissent from his opinion regarding the cooling nature of woollen mufflers and mittens.

"Will you please to mind your own business?" he growled, as the porter drew up before a little wooden gate, where we alighted. There was no carriage drive within, only a pretty winding path, and here, being released from the shaft, the proximity to my uncle I felt free for an instant.

The next I started. I saw some one leaning against a tree, not a dozen paces away. The figure was evidently dressed, and with a thrill of guilty terror I recognized Tom.

I think my mother discerned him at the same moment. She I caught something like a faint scream, and then I felt myself thrust on one side and unconscious. He came forward at once.

"How are you, Tom?" he said, with a hearty hand shake, "you got out early to day. I did not think you could have been here before us.

So it was he had done it. He often, indeed, laughed in this way, being of an absent turn of mind, and wholly unable to comprehend any of the little complications and intricacies which perplex those less fortunate. His absence of appearance was nullified by the dread of what must ensue. Already I had a fierce grasp on my arm from uncle Tawney, and a full-toned voice thundered—

"Who's that, girl? Who's that?"

"Nothing—nobody—a friend of papa's," I said faintly.

At this crisis a fortunate diversion was created by the baskets. One of them, the smallest and most precious, that containing uncle's soda-water and cream, was set forth on the grass for passage, till I had freed myself from the fierce grasp, and I could hear mother's voice, as she called to her son.

"Don't you think it time for your tea, Tom? There's Miss Oldham—just come to her and carry her umbrella. She may leave you a legacy in the end."

"You are a goose," said the one reassured, "that's more to the point."

"What, if I am one, father, a good example," and I felt him prickly, as I heard a shrill laugh.

I was free from the touch of uncle's umbrella. But what could be done? My mother must be pleased, lest if uncle could not be propitiated, and the possibility of the latter process I began to bury grave fears.

My fears manifested in such close proximity up the walk now that I was almost sinking. A chattering brooklet was on one side, a dark shade of fir trees on the other, and I could hear the rustling through the branches, but I dared not be enticed to a neighborhood only. We were all soon in movement, except for a growling uncle, who was left to mount guard over the baskets, and I was conducted to the fresh springs further on.

Mother was hurried about personally, and later on my sister Ethel and a cigar between his lips, when my mother thought it a propitious season for unfolding her plans for the coming day. The weather was lovely. We had a famous "show port" in the neighborhood, and thither she had planned we should go, and I sauntered with some invited guests, for a picnic repast.

"It will be so pleasant and cool," she concluded, and she turned her eyes considerately on Uncle Tawney's form, which was up to boiling point.

"Cool!" exclaimed the gentleman, with another bound in the chair. "A picnic is the hottest thing in creation. The meats are baked (food I detest), the ground, the goose-everything, and more flies swallowed than would fatten an army of spiders."

"James, dear, you don't know our country," expostulated my mother. "Mondale is one of the sweetest, shadiest spot, imaginable. It is never too dry."

"Then it's too damp, of course. I forgot your climate, always at rain. There'll be a down pour the moment we're under weigh."

"No, my dear," said my mother earnestly. "The sky looks too well for that, James, and the glass is rising. You will see we shall have a lovely day. And Mondale is just what I say, the most refreshing place in summer in—"

"Ay, that's the word!" he interrupted, emphatically. "Wander; wander away! Every one's at it. None keep together. You can find nobody you like and nothing you want. The place can't be settled upon, the people can't be gathered. A pair of fools manage to enjoy themselves, and spoil the day for every one else. They are being hunted up in all occasions, and are never forthcoming till the whole company is hoarse, and broken up in scouring detachments. No, no! I know your pleasures of old, and their pleasant notability. The party won't keep together,"

"They shall do so to-morrow, James. I'll see to it, I'll insist upon it."

"Try, try!" he repeated sardonically.

I thought of Tom and uttered a mental thanksgiving that he was not to be of our number. That night after tea I wrote to Uncle Tawney's coat-tails would have been too cruel a drag upon us.

"Some of the party must go, as all events," said my father quietly. "We can't be rude to parishioners, and the people are asked."

"And the meats baked," I added, with a laugh.

"Curry's a lobster curry," put in my mother hurriedly.

"A deadly dangerous dish. Who's to eat of that, I'd like to know?" and uncle looked hotter than ever.

"I had intended it for you," stammered my mother.

"But it can be transferred to the truant couple who are to give such trouble," I interposed. "Possibly it may have a lowering effect on them."

Uncle scowled on me, but I vanished into the drawing-room, and began to dash off something on the piano, which drowned his comments, at all events.

The next morning his objections seemed to have been overruled. We started, in any case, with a dozen or so friends, and were joined by several friends on the route.

The weather unhappily was perfect. Uncle Tawney had nothing to grumble about. He was in terrible humor. He carried a large umbrella, with a formidable handle, which he was determined should not have been brought forth for nothing. He hit out with it, right or left, as the fancy struck him, and I need scarcely add that his energy was not aimless.

"It'll rain!" he exclaimed suddenly, spying a cloud no bigger than a sheep. "I always can tell. There'll be a downpour at dinner-hour."

"I don't think so, James," ventured my mother. "The sky never looked better."

"Will you be kind enough to mind your own business?"

IN THE FOUNTAINS.

Soft winds shall murmur from it dim and serene,
Where leaden-hearted passions sleep unseen;
And not a breeze of earth shall stir the trees above,
Two bending supplicants in worship urging.
Through the pure element, where the sunlight falls,
Like grains of gold through emerald drifted,
And none but cool and tender sounds shall reach
Of lodge and cliff to heaven are lifted.

Oh, sweet delight, so cool and so exalted!
Oh, gift from God, to soothe our mortal passion,
Where sound is one perpetual pulse,
And every thought a prayer of love or adoration,
What rock we here of rankling pain,
What stain of sin, what cloud of mad unrest,
While round us in the silver all,
Pours down serene on Nature's holy bosom?

INTERESTING CEREMONIES.

Rites to Be Among Orthodox Hebrews Who Keep the Law—Preparations for Burial—The Sacred Garments—Ceremonies—The Book of Mourning—Sabbath Visit—Marriage—Ending the Shoe—Restrictions on Widows.

The ceremonies of radically orthodox Hebrews have a peculiar interest, not alone for those who do not profess the Mosaic creed, but also for thousands of that faith. It can safely be said that the majority of the Reformed Jews know little or nothing of many rites practiced by their more rigid brethren.

Take, for instance, the rites that precede, accompany, and follow burial. An old-style Jew-ish man is laid on the floor, and a lighted candle placed at its head. It is not washed and dressed until the night preceding, or on the day of interment. The clothes in which he is garbed by people specially hired for the purpose, who are called washers, as the body must not be handled by relatives. The shrouds are also chosen by women. As an old-style Jew-ish man will do any other kind of sewing on Saturday night. The body is then placed in a plain, unpainted coffin, not the slightest ornamentation being allowed of either inside or out. No silk or any cloth, the inside of the coffin is filled with shavings of wood. There is also put in the coffin the large veil, or talith, which the dead man had worn in the synagogue during his life, and likewise the small veil, termed in Hebrew the arba kanfoth. The latter, like the talith, is a fringed garment; every radically orthodox Hebrew has one, and wears it underneath his shirt. It is worn in accordance with the command of the Lord to Moses, that the children of Israel should wear the fringed garment, so that they might constantly remember and obey the commandments. The simple explanation applies to the large veil. The fringes are attached to the four corners of the arba kanfoth, which is made of a square piece of silk or merino. Only by a Jewess can it or the talith be lawfully cut.

Before the body is carried out of the house the garment of the immediate relatives of the deceased—father, mother, or husband, wife, brother or sister, husband or wife—are cut, or rent, by a minister, with a knife used only for that purpose. This is called rending the veil. The cut garments are worn for thirty days, as a sign of mourning; though according to the strict reading of the law they should be worn for an entire year. For a brother or sister, son or daughter, wife or husband, the garment is cut on the right side; for a parent, on the left side. For a period of four weeks the males must neither shave the face, cut the hair of the head, nor pare the nails of hands and feet.

After the ceremony of cutting krah has been performed, the body is placed in the hearse. Only the males accompany it to the cemetery. Of the females, the wife is the only one carried into a suit of chapel, where the prayer for the dead is recited aloud by all. The body is then taken to the grave, and lowered into it being said by the minister before it is lowered into the ground. Each of the relatives in turn casts three spadefuls of earth into the grave, they retire from the grave, pick some grass, and say: "He shall spring forth as the grass of the earth," i. e., at the day of resurrection. A writer on Hebrew ritual says:

"If they could inquire many burials out of one family shortly after each other, the surviving relation of the nearest affinity takes a pallock and locks it to another, and lays it on the ground, and then flings the lock into the grave with the corpse, thereby to signify the considerable distance away from him. This is done with a view to put a stop to mortality among the rest of the family."

On returning from the house of mourning, a repast consisting of hard-boiled eggs and bread is partaken of by the relatives. The meal must not be prepared by them, but by their servants or friends. Instead of a napkin for the dead should be so general among them during the first day that one should be unable to afford the slightest, and the strictest interpretation of mourning, which lasts seven days, is termed Shivoe. During Shivoe the mourners neither leave their residence nor engage in any kind of business, keeping their places of business closed. They sit on the earth, or on a slippered foot, sitting on low stools or benches—that being considered the most humble, and therefore the most appropriate seat, which can be assumed by the mourners to show their grief—they receive visits of condolence during the entire week. Prayers for the dead are said by an assembly of ten males—all of whom must be over thirteen years of age—morning and evening. A light is kept burning day and night through the week in the apartment where the dead lies, and also a basin of water is placed therein, which is changed every twenty-four hours, and is termed Mayim. This is done because it is supposed to visit the room during the mourning period. It is likewise believed that a person can hear any words addressed to it before being put under ground; therefore, those who think they have injured it are afforded the chance during life, beg him, before the body is removed to the cemetery, to forgive them. This is called asking forgiveness of the spirit of the dead.

In Europe—parts of Germany, perhaps, excepted—the Jews, most of whom are radically orthodox, and adhere to all the ancient customs with fanatical tenacity, forward the body for the funeral of even a stranger co-religionist for a few blocks, that being considered a meritorious act. The drivers of the hearses in such cases are always of the Mosaic creed (which is seldom the case in this country); and, doubtless, that was possible to obtain horses in the blood of which ran that of the horses of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, none other would be used on funeral occasions.

The Jewish Sabbath and holidays, as most people are aware, begin at the hour of the sun's sunset. On Friday, and on those days which immediately precede religious anniversaries, the Hebrew matron prepares all the food needed for the morrow. Fish, fried and stewed, is one of the viands which she selects most of her time and attention. It is the one which figures chiefly upon the table of a devout old-style Israelite on Friday evening, and on Saturday morning and evening. The fish is cut into pieces of nearly an inch in thickness, and afterwards washed and dried, rolled in flour, dipped into lightly-beaten eggs, and then deposited in a pan containing boiling lard. When cooked it has assumed a delicate brown tint. It is often garnished with green garden stuff. Fried, if it is cooked in oil, it is fried, adds a richly palatable flavor to the fish. Prepared in this way, it will retain its nutritious. If kept in a cool place, it will remain fresh. Fish is also stewed with eggs, lemons, parsley, onions, ginger and pepper. It is a delicious dainty dish, and one that most Gentile epicures would relish heartily. It is invariably eaten cold, and is better the day after it is cooked than it is cooked. Those modes of preparing fish are in use only among the English and Dutch Israelites and their descendants. The roasted fish is a special Sabbath and holiday dish in this country.

"The rabbis in the Talmud tell a curious story concerning one Joseph, who was so beat upon honoring the Sabbath that he was at extraordinary pains nor stratagems to procure the best fish he could for supper; for that reason he was called Joseph Mokher Sabbath, that is, 'Joseph, the buyer of the Sabbath.' A certain great prince had a valuable pearl at sea, and a particular fish swallowed it. The same fish being afterwards caught, was brought to the market, and Joseph offered a most mighty price for it, above any other person would give. He carried it home and cleansed it, in order to its being dressed for his supper, in honour of the Sabbath; when he found the pearl that had been lost, which he sold for a great sum; from whence it is that he purchased a large estate, and was a rich man till his death. From this story the following observation is drawn: That if a person borrows money in order to live elegantly on the Sabbath, the Lord will pay his debts."

On Friday evening, besides the fish and other viands, there is placed on the table, at the head where the master of the house sits, two loaves of bread, the Hebrew term for which is Challoth, which must be completely covered with a napkin. This is done to remind the Israelites, who in the wilderness, which surrounded upon the earth, the dew falling between, and likewise on the top of it, but as it did not descend on the Sabbath, they on Friday gathered a double portion of manna; wherefore they have two loaves on the Sabbath. A writer says:

"It is the general opinion of the ancient Rabbis that manna had the taste of anything which a person fancied to eat, so that if a person had an inclination to feast himself he need but name it, and it was presently at hand. Others took the cheapest sorts of different variety of any kind of food, and the manna would taste accordingly to it."

Having arranged the table, the mistress of the house then performs the rite of lighting the Sabbath lamp.

"Their original mother, by her crime in eating the forbidden fruit, first extinguished the lamp of righteousness; and for that reason they (the Jewesses) are to make an atonement for their fault, by lighting the lamps of light-consumes in lighting the lamp of the Sabbath."

A radically devout Hebrew will not even smash his leather boot on the Sabbath, for fear he should break any of it. The law says he must neither break nor tear, nor ride in vehicles of any kind, nor travel on foot. He may walk but little; but if he can manage to get his teeth within reach of it, he may bite off as much as he desires to eat. He must not eat on the Sabbath, except it happens to be the Day of Atonement.

As regards the marriage ceremony, the minister, a rabbi, and all who are assembled in the residence or synagogue at the time cease to —having said mischah—that is, the evening prayer—wedding-rings, taking place among the Jews before the afternoon. The bridegroom, under a canopy composed of silk or velvet, supported by four tall wands, and which is known as a Thooper. The bridegroom, preceded by his intended father-in-law, and leading the bride by the hand, the father, then constations himself beneath the canopy, the two father's ranging themselves on each side of him. The bride, accompanied by two mothers, follows likewise, facing the bridegroom. The rabbi now takes a glass of wine in his hand, and repeats a brief prayer, after which the bride and bridegroom drink a portion of the wine. Then the husband elect places the wedding ring on his bride's finger, slipping it on slowly and saying the following aloud: "Behold, thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rights of Moses and Israel;" that being considered the form by which a Hebrew by the minister, and if the principals are not sufficiently versed in that language to understand its meaning thoroughly, he afterward explains it to them in the speech of the country. This is about the substance of the ceremony:

"The bridegroom, A. B., doth agree to take the bride, C. D., as his lawful wife, according to the law of Moses and Israel; and that he will keep, maintain, honor and cherish her, according to the manner of all Jews, and keep her clothes decently, according to the custom of the world."

Another prayer follows, after which the parents of the bride and groom drink from a glass of wine handed them by the minister. The concluding ceremony is that of stamping on and breaking of a wineglass by the bridegroom, of which custom a Hebrew writer remarks:

"Various reasons are given for doing this out of the way, but it is not to be put in mind that we are only like brittle ware—made of earth, glossy without, and rough within. But the real intent and meaning of the rite of breaking the glass appears to be to remind the bridegroom of death, to whom power of matrimonial sooner or later yield; therefore, it is to incite them to lead such a life that they may not be terrified at the approach of death."

Fifty years ago, the custom of finding a husband for a woman, or vice versa, by the aid of a professional matchmaker, was general. If they were called, was greatly in vogue; it is still in use to a limited extent even in this country. Formerly, if not to-day, if a man were not married by the time he was twenty years of age, he was not known as a prodigious success he had not obeyed the command to marry.

First cousins, according to the Jewish law, may wed, but uncles may marry their nieces, but an aunt cannot marry her nephew. The rabbis say:

"The law of nature may not be reversed. If, an uncle should marry his niece, the same power would create a child in the womb by that force; but if a nephew should marry his aunt, he would become, as it were, her head, and she the body because it is contrary to the order and law of Nature would be reversed."

Should a husband die childless, his widow is not allowed of her own free will to wed a stranger. The dead husband's brother, if there is one, and he can support himself, must give his permission to become the husband of another. His giving his sanction to her entering into that relation is termed the ceremony of the rite of "chalitza," which means "the loosing of the shoe." It is founded on this command in Deuteronomy:

Then shall his brother's wife come unto him, in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot, and spit out before him." This ceremony is conducted in the following manner: In the synagogue, immediately after morning prayer, the widow and brother-in-law place themselves upon the altar, and command the widow and brother-in-law place themselves upon the altar, and command the widow and brother-in-law place themselves upon them, who in turn declare that they have come to be freed from wedding each other. The next question is addressed to the latter, who takes a shoe upon his foot, and the woman, led by a rabbi, recites the following in Hebrew and in the language of the country: "Is it thy pleasure to loose the shoe from off his foot, and spit in his face, and say: 'So shall it be done unto that man that will not build up his brother's house?' And his name shall be called in Israel, 'The house of him that hath his shoe loosed.'" The officiating present repeat aloud three times in succession.

His shoe is loosed. The woman is now at liberty to marry whomsoever she pleases, the rabbis giving her a certificate to that effect.

A NIGHT IN A JAPANESE INN.

We entered the village, which was once a city cont ning over a million inhabitants, and put up at a native hotel, kept in native style. Obeying the custom of entering the door, we passed many guests sitting on mats and making the chopsticks fly. Up stairs we went, and were shown into a room whose walls consisted entirely of paper, particularly in one wall another, but which were scrupulously clean. Ordering supper and some native wine, we were quickly served by a rather good-looking maid. While we were dining, our order, we were served with "tidbit" pastry and with tea—which we drank without sugar—to be tempered with pipes; after which giving us time for a smoke, the corpses began with fish, which was cooked very well, our host having sweet potatoes, rice and tea.

No bread was served us, nor butter; but, as the tea was excellent, and as the cream, though small, was duly seasoned with rock candy, we managed to do without bread and butter by lack of experience in using the chopsticks, which were pencil-shaped, and used by holding or grasping in the middle. In the suite of the guests meanwhile peeping through the partitions and giggling at our frantic efforts to eat a peculiar fish. A host of servants in attendance of the place sent a constable to obtain our name and residence, and to report all proper police protection, we being the first white men that ever spent a night in the place.

Supper being done, we took a short walk through the town, and, as there were many pilgrims in the place who had never seen a Caucasian, we had to run the gantlet of all observers," especially our friend, who is six feet two inches in his socks, and a perfect giant among them. Going back to the hotel our friend asked us if we wished a bath and shampoo. Answering in the affirmative, he gave the order, and hearing a low and somewhat wet whistle, which we had heard both by day and by night in Yokohama, we thought it had excited our curiosity, we had failed to inquire into the matter—we went into the dining and brought in a blind man, who, he said, was to do the shampooing. The bath being ready we went down stairs and were shown into a room, whose wet floor proved it to be in constant use.

After finishing our bath we donned our gown and returned to our room, where the "blind man" took his place in the corner, and, as we gave the order, and hearing a low and somewhat wet whistle, which we had heard both by day and by night in Yokohama, we thought it had excited our curiosity, we had failed to inquire into the matter—we went into the dining and brought in a blind man, who, he said, was to do the shampooing. The bath being ready we went down stairs and were shown into a room, whose wet floor proved it to be in constant use.

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DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

The Opinions of Mr. Elon Beardsmith in the North American Review.

During the last hundred years the mind of mankind has been eagerly devoted to the application of scientific discoveries to useful purposes, and particularly to the unification of political and commercial interests. Information has become a drug; investigation has set minds to longer meditating the cause of any loss. The whole world is plotted out and turned into real estate. The island of Fayero is a thriving settlement, and if Smallind should succeed in his project of building a sturdy breeder would take her into custody. Even the spiritual world has been staked out into claims. The ghosts that visited the couch of Richard were spirits in which the Shah-esperian public devoutly believed Ghosts are now secured by patent and produced by machinery by Professor Pepper. Such is the positive generation that hails its Bureau into existence, regarding the mind of the dramatist to be practical, utilitarian, to be in sympathetic accord with the minds of the people. He must not consider anything as poetic, but must consider only how him. He must not fear; their prosaic minds, heavy with facts, cannot rise. He must not reason, lest their practical minds be driven back at every step. I earnestly believe the human mind always maintains the same average level. There is always a Homer, a Virgil, a Dante, and a Shakespeare in existence, but mankind in Europe and America stands in that great statistic passion prevailed three hundred years ago. The world, setting all other things aside, fulfills Tennyson's prophecy, and beautify the temples of God and the Shakespeare, and immediately the great public bend separately headed by Rubens, Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Murillo. Both crops of great artists or great poets are not freaks of Nature, but the necessary results of circumstances. No one Milton has been directed to dismount Pegasus and betake the light pen, and which seizes on this thing, according to the rights of Moses and Israel;" that being considered the form by which a Hebrew by the minister, and if the principals are not sufficiently versed in that language to understand its meaning thoroughly, he afterward explains it to them in the speech of the country. This is about the substance of the ceremony:

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No bread was served us, nor butter; but, as the tea was excellent, and as the cream, though small, was duly seasoned with rock candy, we managed to do without bread and butter by lack of experience in using the chopsticks, which were pencil-shaped, and used by holding or grasping in the middle. In the suite of the guests meanwhile peeping through the partitions and giggling at our frantic efforts to eat a peculiar fish. A host of servants in attendance of the place sent a constable to obtain our name and residence, and to report all proper police protection, we being the first white men that ever spent a night in the place.

Supper being done, we took a short walk through the town, and, as there were many pilgrims in the place who had never seen a Caucasian, we had to run the gantlet of all observers," especially our friend, who is six feet two inches in his socks, and a perfect giant among them. Going back to the hotel our friend asked us if we wished a bath and shampoo. Answering in the affirmative, he gave the order, and hearing a low and somewhat wet whistle, which we had heard both by day and by night in Yokohama, we thought it had excited our curiosity, we had failed to inquire into the matter—we went into the dining and brought in a blind man, who, he said, was to do the shampooing. The bath being ready we went down stairs and were shown into a room, whose wet floor proved it to be in constant use.

After finishing our bath we donned our gown and returned to our room, where the "blind man" took his place in the corner, and, as we gave the order, and hearing a low and somewhat wet whistle, which we had heard both by day and by night in Yokohama, we thought it had excited our curiosity, we had failed to inquire into the matter—we went into the dining and brought in a blind man, who, he said, was to do the shampooing. The bath being ready we went down stairs and were shown into a room, whose wet floor proved it to be in constant use.

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INDIAN SENT.

The following account of a sect, introduced by a person who called himself Swamee Narain, is interesting.

This sect is represented as having its rise from Odhoe, to whom the charge of the human race was delivered by Christna when he left this world. But the first spiritual supremacy of it in Guzerat was upwards of one hundred years ago, when a Brinaharee called Gopal began to preach the new doctrine at Gayanah Mahdeo, in the district of Ahmedabad.

His successor Atmanund became a Swamee, by which the person is understood to lay down the observance of caste, and devote himself entirely to the service of God. The head of this sect is the god worshipped, and an image of him is admitted, as by other Hindoos.

The grand principle of their system seems to be that the souls of all mankind are equal. Distinctions of caste are observed by his followers, but they are told that they are all equal in the eye of the Supreme, and will all be left behind with their bodies; and that the souls of the just will receive the rewards or punishment of their actions in this life, without any regard to the castes to which their bodies may have belonged.

The principal observances enjoined are, abstinence from what are represented as the four unsetting sins of the Kalee Jogue, viz., theft, lying, spirituous liquors, eating flesh, stealing and adultery.

His votaries are sometimes indulged with what they call a Samadhee, in which the spirit is said to leave the body, and to be transported to the blissful regions their imaginations are taught to expect after death. During the periods of its absence the body lies as dead, and produces the slightest effect or pain, the trunk is represented to be perfectly senseless, and after its return, the person gives forth strange descriptions of what he has seen, generally corresponding with the Hindoo mythology, according to the fertility of his imagination.

A multitude of minor observances are also prescribed. They are told that they must not revive a name, and are instructed to submit to any ill-usage without resistance, or without even a frown. They are forbidden to accumulate wealth, and to take no thought for the morrow in their minds. They are to forswear all worldly goods and all the connections of this life, and are not even to possess any article made of metal, except a needle to sew their clothes, and a knife to assist them in cutting their victuals. They are not to see, nor to think of women. If they do see one so as to distinguish her as such, if she be young, she will open her arms in their minds, or if they touch one, they must fast for that day.

The followers, or those merely converted, are not enjoined to such strict observances. Their chief duties are to attend at the temples, to refrain from using all intoxicating substances, and some others that happen to be prescribed by their Sheikh, Dhurm Dass Desace, who is the present high priest. Those who are converted have also their duties to perform, which, if the Sheikh is to be believed, are not very burdensome. They are not to see, nor to think of women. If they do see one so as to distinguish her as such, if she be young, she will open her arms in their minds, or if they touch one, they must fast for that day.

Like the Pope, he gives absolution for sins already committed, but does not venture (like the Pope) to grant indulgences for the future.

People of all casts and persuasions resort to Swamee Narain, and the number of his follow-ers is very great, some of the most liberal and intelligent natives at about one hundred thousand; but he has principally from the Kaisers and the western districts of Guzerat. Hindoos of all the four classes, Mahomedans, and even Ithees, are admitted into it, and all are equal according to their castes. The Swamee himself (who is a Brahmin) eats indiscriminately with any caste, as far as the food is concerned, and is not below them.

Swamee Narain himself was a very superior man. He soon acquired great influence over men's minds. The distinguishing tenets before mentioned, it must be allowed, in theory are so inoffensive that they might at least have escaped violent opposition. This does not however seem to be the case. The Kazees, by orders of religious mendicants in particular used to take ample advantage of the peaceful profession of the Sect—that is, they used sometimes unmercifully. And they boast that no instance ever occurred of this violence being resisted.

As tending to show the Swamee desired in practice what he preached in theory, that a multitude of 50,000 people stated to accompany him on a celebrated visit to Ahmedabad, for the purpose of conversing with the Kazee, who had hereabouts been appointed by the Swamee Narain, having occasioned some reports that the Swamee was assembling a force to attack him, and he, so, he would prefer not coming at all. These reports being of course unfounded, he came, not however without a strong guard, as the Shahee Baug, a house belonging to the government, but on his arrival, found that he could not stay there without a risk of his followers injuring the premises, he required of his own accord to be encamped in plain at a considerable distance, preferring to submit to all the inconveniences and want of accommodation, to running the risk of the slightest damage being committed by the people resorting to him.

The most intelligent people in the country, even while they regret as Hindoos the unsatisfying nature of the system, have a firm belief that his preaching has produced great effect in improving the morals of the people.

RUSSIAN DESPOTISM.

Perhaps the line of sovereigns which has furnished the largest amount of material to the chronicler of scandal is that which has for the power of Czars and Czarinas has in all generations been a very real one, and has consequently by such a human nature been used in a thing unrestrained. Take, for instance, the benevolent despots of Muscovy were generally sons with whom it would have been more agreeable to keep up a correspondence from the dominions of London or Paris than to live in habits of intimacy.

Thus one reads that Euler, who was invited into Russia by Catherine I., arrived there on the very day the Empress died. Nevertheless he remained in St. Petersburg for some years, including the period of Biron's ascendency. The impression made on him by that cruel reign was deep and lasting. In 1741 he accepted an invitation from Frederick the Great to take up his residence at the court of Prussia, where he soon after arrived. He was there and was presented to the Queen Mother. Her good-natured Majesty, after a little, the learned geometrician answered her questions with a marked timidity of manner. Gently rallying him on his reserve and as a way to know she herself ought not to cause anyone, "Why," asked the Queen, "do you reply to me trembling and as one afraid?" "Madame," rejoined Euler, "it is because I come from a country where all who speak are hanged." And with more freedom, one runs the risk of being hanged." Still more characteristic of the Czars' effect produced by despotism is a story told of Catherine II. The Empress was one day looking out from a balcony of the Hermitage at the people, and when she saw a woman fall into the Neva, she immediately sent another woman to see if the latter was saved. The next step was to bring her, dripping and shivering before the Czarina, who had her dressed in the clothes of a lady-in-waiting and otherwise carefully and kindly tended. Finally Catherine dismissed her, after slipping a few gold coins into her hand, and ordered her to come to the palace whenever she might wish to. She never did, preferring the risk that had been rescued from the water. Once again among her friends she was naturally asked why she had not availed herself of the proffered favor. "Ah!" she exclaimed, I was more frightened than when I fell into the water."

No wonder that Catherine's court was a gay one. A ball honor, and may then take disagreeable ways of expressing a perverted interest in the concerns of his subjects. Thus, on one bright Spring morning Nicholas I., of blessed memory as he was, like his august grandmother, took pleasure in watching the doings of his subjects from a window of the palace. The Neva was but recently free from ice, and rapidly rising, and a great crowd was collected on the banks watching a man who, with extraordinary courage and dexterity was crossing over to the opposite side—jumping from one block of floating ice to another. The Czar despatched an officer in his carriage to obtain further particulars. On his return, the officer said, "Sire, it is a peasant who has betted twenty-five roubles that he will cross the Neva, and is trying to win his bet." "Let him have twenty-five stripes," commanded Nicholas." A man who will peril his life for a mere nothing is capable of doing anything for money."

It is a very high mind to which gratitude is not a painful sensation. If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive, solicit even, favors, than accord them; for the vanity of the obligator is always flattered, that of the obliged rarely.

JUDGE GROVER'S SHABBY APPAREL.

And How he was Led to Improve It—A Strange Scene in Court.

I. B. Proctor, in Rochester Union.

This singular incident occurred at a term of the Allegany Circuit, where that admirable Judge and accomplished gentleman, Robert Monell, presided. During the term a case of larceny was on interest. Counsel for the people, if possible, more shabbily dressed than usual, conducted the case with consummate ability for the plaintiff, considering the case in an argument of unusual power and effect. Judge Monell then delivered his charge to the jurors. After they had retired he said:

"Mr. Glover, before taking up another cause, I desire to say a few words to you."

"Your Honor?" said Grover with some surprise.

"Such be you. I take this occasion to request you, in all kindness, hereafter to treat this court, your fellow-lawyers, and the jury, and yourself with that respect that is due them, as well as to yourself—in a word, in a manner more becoming the high official position you occupy as a lawyer," said the Judge.

"I am at loss to understand Your Honor. I am not aware that I have in any way failed to have treated Your Honor with disrespect; the very meeting since the commencement of the court," said Grover. "I do, however, remember, I be continued, after a moment's reflection, "that on the day Andrew Jackson died, and, perhaps with some truth, though it was none of his business, that I was a walking rag-bag and a bigger fool than I look, and that I boldly but truthfully remarked, that all this was the height of respectability compared with the dress of the higher regions of the sky, and only eagles, hawks and other birds of prey can fly at that altitude, a gentleman of the clergy in opposition then vegetable food, the latter to be made magnanimous of his clothes. I did further, that I knew of no reason why I should not be given a portion of one of his clients on a tavern sign, on one side of which this poor fellow was represented as having been tarred and feathered, and riding a free horse, and his pockets full of money, and on the other side he represented as having been to law—that is, having passed through the benevolent hands of my opponent, and that I was willing to take the chances of being

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TO OUR READERS.

Again we feel called upon to direct the attention of our patrons to the contents of the Post, the current number of which will be found unusually full of interesting and instructive reading-matter of the best class. We point with pardonable pride to our "Home Culture" column, which contains a further continuation of Mrs. H. O. Ward's admirable work on "Self-Training," a work which all interested in matters pertaining to etiquette should read. We would also refer to James Rees' "Book of Origins," which is a perfect treasury of curious and curious knowledge. Besides these features, we present three exceilent serials and a large number of short stories and miscellaneous articles which will amply repay the reading. On glancing at our columns, our readers will at once perceive that we are fully adhering to our promise to make the Post the model family paper of the United States.

THE IRISH POETS.

There must be something in the atmosphere of Ireland peculiarly congenial to poetry and the poetic faculty, for the Irish poets have ever been among the greatest, the most soulful and the truest. The "old sod," it is true, has never produced a Shakspeare, a Milton, or a Byron, in other words, a towering, awe-inspiring master of the lyre, but it has brought forth a perfect flood of tuneful songsters, whose gracefully and melodious warblings have echoed around the world, and found responsive throbbings in many and many a heart. Perhaps the anomalous political situation of the country, the ever-galling sense of oppression that all high-strung, patriotic Irishmen have always felt, and their restiveness under English rule have had something to do with promoting the growth of Irish poetry, but, whatever may have been the cause or causes, the fact is undeniable, and the merit of the Irish poets remains, and not without reason was the harp chosen as the nation's emblem.

In what land's catalogue of its children of song can it boast of more illustrious names than those which belong to Ireland? Look at a portion of the list: Thomas Moore, whose lyrics will never be forgotten; Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Deserted Village" is every where held up as a model for imitation; Richard Brinsley Sheridan whose songs are famous; Father Prout, whose "Reliques" contain floods of beautiful and amusing poems, among them "The Bells of Shandon," and the "Groves of Blarney;" Sam. Lover, who wrote "The Angel's Whisper," "The Haunted Spring," "The Low Back'd Car," and scores of other songs that have become as household words; Sheridan Le Fanu, whose "Shemus O'Brien" will forever remain a living monument to his genius; Gerald Griffin, whose ballads have been universally admired; John Banim, a balladist of equal celebrity; Clarence Mangan, the bard of tender sentiment; D. William Maginn, the king of rollicking lyrists; Dean Swift, the satirist, whose gall-tipped pen probed to the core the follies of his time; Charles Lever, a rigid royal hacchanalian warbler; Father Ryan, author of the "Conquered Banner;" Thomas Davis, the patriotic songster, whose "Green Above the Red" set Ireland in a blaze; Charles Wolfe, who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore;" and Lady Dufferin, whose "Lament of the Irish Emigrant" deserves to be a classic.

These lands may not be great, in the most extended sense of the word, but they are all true poets whose verses touch the heart, and make the chords of passion, patriotism and mirth vibrate at will, whose beauties lie not merely in words and word-painting, but rather in sentiment, thought and innate power. Verily, the harp of Ireland has been, and is yet, swept by able hands, and their touch has known how to waken echoes in the human breast which will not cease ringing whilst time endures. Ireland has a just right to be proud of her poets. They are part of her outstanding glories, and form the brightest gems in her literary crown.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

In a thoughtful editorial on "Realistic Authors," after speaking of a delightful picture of a Parisian flower market painted by Firmin-Girard, and asserting that its chief charm was its exceeding faithfulness to life, the New York Times adds: "Realism in literature, when used by people who object to it, does not mean so happy a view as this, but rather the reverse. The picture mentioned is therefore far from an ill-natured example. But the modern novelist who makes a success in his book is very much like the painter of the flower market, only, as a usual thing, he paints the coarse and repulsive 'actuality' instead of the gay. Alphonse Daudet, for instance, strives to render in words the effect of a hard-working, thrifty, quiet-minded manufacturer, from whose life he gives a cool, designing villain for his wife and a young man on his partner, until the villain runs off with the partner and the young man marries the wife. Another book by the same hand describes the ruin of a son of a woman of good instincts, but light morals, through the infatuation she acquires for a selfish reprobate, and the vindictive pursuit of the step-father. The latest sensation in a novel by Zola, called 'L'Assommoir,' in which the scene is not only placed in low neighborhoods, but the progressive ruin of a poor family is carried out in all its most repulsive details. Women are described fighting together with all the art that seeks to bring the scene 'actually' before you; their clothes are beard to tear and their bodies rescued under the blows. The thegmiel is a far more delicate artist, but he plainly shows susceptibility to the modern influence. He made his mark by a highly artistic kind of reporting embodied in letters purporting to come from a sportsman in Russia. 'Fathers and Sons,' 'Smoke,' 'Lisa,' 'Spring Floods'—all these mournful but fascinating novels are careful and delicately adjusted reports of actualities, they will not listen to anything ideal, they are not on a positive hardpan of fact. The sadness pervading them is justified on the ground that life is sad, the men and women are weak and sinful, and the fates are generally adverse to the fulfillment of youthful plans. One feels that they are written by a man with a heartache. But is that heartache personal or what may be called ethnological? Is it the result of depression from causes only known to himself or is it one of the multitude whom is it the angry despair of a Russian who measures the inferiority of his own countrymen to Europeans of other stock? His last novel—'Virgin Soil'—may give evidence that the quality which made the former works of Turgenieff famous, notwithstanding the dismal atmosphere which reigned in them, is a personal one and not Russian. 'Virgin Soil' is more than ever a realistic performance, more than ever a report on the depression from causes only known to himself or to a few of the multitude, and

SONG OF SEDAN.

From the French of Francois Coppee.

BY HARRIET P. SPEAR.

O heart of exile, drown thou of the dead!
Whom the fierce battle-storm has left unkilled,
And in thy hand her white hand nestling lay,
Like a tired bird.

Ah then, how sweetly all thy soul within
Grew warm and trembled in that tender hour;
How, standing there, drank her soft breath in,
Like a flow'r.

Amid, dark clouds of sorrow fill thy sky,
For she, alas! can give no look nor word;
A wonder thou hast lived, O weeping, fly,
Like a tired bird.

Already o'er thy soul comes winged distress,
And yet, O heart, thou hast had thy share of bliss;
Know at last love will fall and fade to dust,
Like a flow'r.

A Bride From the Sea.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN OF A LIFE-TIME," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "ROSA THORNE," "HE IS MY NAME ONLY," ETC., ETC.

(This story was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 57. Back Numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XIII.

"The sweetest love of all is the love that knows no wording, or how long it agreed that our secret should be a secret, known to none but ourselves—that no one should be even allowed to guess at it, and that, in order that this might be the case, we were to be always on our guard. It was a delicious and the most tantalizing of lives. To see her, to hear her, yet never to dare to claim even one look from her, tried my utmost patience. Do you remember the least idea of how matters stood. Mrs. Vaun, I could see, clung to her first notion that I was attracted by the younger Miss Salter—my darling and I knew better.

I had day-dreams now—of how a good ship should come to our rescue and carry us home; then, when the time of mourning had gone by, of how I would woo and win my beautiful young bride, and of how I would take her to lordly Egremont, where she could reign like a queen. I became impatient for a sail to appear—yet the life of this tropical island was so sweet, so idyllic, that I could not but be contentious. Laurie and I were not often together; one evening, however—it was *seaal*, and the waters of the great ocean were almost blood-red—most of the ladies had gone to look for turtles' eggs. Mrs. Vaun asked my darling—ah, how thankful I was that I could use that word!—to sit with her, and then, suddenly growing tired, she said she wanted to sleep. So Laurie stole away, leaving her alone, and fell a helpless prey to me.

She declared that I was waylaying her, that I watched her footsteps as the hunter the wounded. We walked down to the shore. I wanted her, if possible, to lose her terrible dread of the sea, and to associate it with happier thoughts. The tide coming in, ice-waves were gleaming with red and gold under the light of the setting sun, the waves breaking on the green shore, the vast expanse of sky was all blue and cloudless.

"A grave," said Laurie, in her sweet, sad voice—"only a huge grave. How many brave men and fair women, how many little children, lie beneath it! How it must look the terrible than of the beautiful in this world."

"You have been unfortunate or you would not think so, Laurie. I could tell you of seas where the sands are of gold, where there is neither tempest nor storm. I could tell you also of lives all grace and beauty, without one trace of the sorrow that has darkened yours. I have often wished to ask you, Laurie, but I have never dared to do so, yet will not refuse to trust me now—why you, so young, so gentle, married Captain Hardress. You say you never loved him—how was it that you, so frightened always at the sea, married one whose life was spent upon it?"

"It must seem strange to you," she said. I will tell you. It was a mistake of mine—at least I think not. Eric—poor, drowned Eric—thought he had a great passionate love for me. It arose in this way. My father, Allen Stuart, lived at St. Roma's, a pretty seaport town in Devonshire. He is a very old man now, but nearly fifty when I was born—he is nearly seventy now. My mother was much younger than himself, but she was always delicate and weak. We lived quietly and happily enough in St. Roma's, my father, my mother and I. I went to school, and as we had a good library I studied a great deal at home. We were very happy in a simple fashion, but even then I did not like the sea. I took all my walks in the lanes and meadows, and in the old pine woods on the hills; I never went near the shore—the sea was to me an object of fear and dread. I hated its restlessness; I hated every sound of it. We were very happy, though it was a simple life we led. I knew no world outside my father's home and garden; the flowers took the place of brothers and sisters, the birds of friends—I seemed to live in their lives. We had no trouble, no sorrow, though my mother was always delicate and fearful and ailing.

"I must not stop to tell you of St. Roma's—of the glorious woods and meadows, the steep hills, the lovely lanes, the orchards and gardens, the morning-glory that grew in such a rich and rank and dewy, that were fairer still. I loved it all so well. My father had a small annuity—it was granted to him by the Government for many years of good service. It was not much, but we were very happy with it until one day when I had been all through the woods gathering ferns, and I came home at sunset, laden with treasures, tired and hot, and with fatigue the fresh air often gives, longing for the tea which was always ready for me, more in love than ever with my happy, innocent life.

"There was great silence in the house—a solemn, unusual stillness that filled my heart with dread. I went through to my father's room. I found him weeping and sobbing aloud—him whom I had never known to shed a tear. I soon knew all about it. A friend—an old friend—was in difficulties, and my father had borrowed all his own money in order to help him—had borrowed it under the solemn promise that it should at some stated time be returned. Now the time had arrived. My father's friend, always in debt, was a bolt, had secretly quitted the country, leaving my father a ruined man—ruined without hope.

"We must go to the workhouse, Laurie," my father said; "at least I may—my wife must not. Perhaps you can make a living for yourself, Great Heaven, to think that I should by my folly have brought my only child to this!" It was bitter truth. The pretty little house with its hundreds of household treasures was to be sold.

"Three days before the sale, which my poor father dreaded least of all sorrows, Captain Hardress called to see him; they had met somewhere years before, and the Captain, who was passing through St. Roma's, had stopped purposely to pass a few hours with him. From the first moment he entered the house, Gordon, he hardly ever removed his eyes from my face. He listened to my father's story with kindly sympathy.

"'You want fifteen hundred pounds,' he said, 'in clear yes?' 'I might as well want fifteen millions,' replied my father.

"As the Captain went out of the room he laid his hand on my head. 'You would do anything to get that money for your father?' he said. Looking up into his dark bearded face, I told him that I would. 'I shall not leave St. Roma's,' he said, 'I have a plan in my mind. Your father has mortgaged his income for five years to get this money. I think I can save him from ruin—but I will come again.'

"He came the day after. By that time my father had made himself very ill. Another day of such mental agony would, I believe, have killed him. We were sitting by my father's bedside when the Captain came in. He knelt down by my father's side.

"'Old friend,' he said, 'I can help you and I will. I will deceive you no more—without your consent; if you will give me your daughter Laurie for a wife.' That was all, Gordon; there was no wooing as you call it. I hardly knew what I was doing. All was new. I never realized that I should have to go away, to go to sea, to live always with that dark stern man. My poor father looked pitifully at me. 'You hear, Laurie?' he said. 'I hear, and I am quite willing, father,' I replied. He clasped me in his arms, and his tears fell on my face. 'Heaven bless you, my darling girl!' he said. 'I have been a gentleman all my life—the workhouse would have killed me.' I remember now that neither my father nor the Captain seemed to think much of my share in the transaction. They took it for granted that I should do just as they wished. The sale was paid, my father freed, and then I realized what I had done. I was to be married at once; my husband was captain of the Sea-Queen, and was about to sail for India. I was to go with him. My mother looked wistfully into my face. 'I hope you will be happy,' she said; 'but it seems very sudden—very sudden and strange.'

"I cannot tell you what I suffered. I had not looked towards the future. I had not realized going away to sea with a man I dreaded. I had thought only of my father. He was saved, and now I had to pay the price of his freedom. Heaven knows, and Heaven only, what I suffered; but I would not draw back. I had given my word, and I kept it. He was my wedding-day it seemed to me that all hope, all brightness, all happiness, youth and love died. I was one of the most miserable of women.

"I think that I was a little time to get used. I begged on my knees that my husband would let me remain on land, but he would not hear of it. I told him how frightened I was, how I dreaded the sight and sound of the sea. He laughed at me, laughed while the cold daw of fear lay on my brow and my hands trembled.

"I should go—that was his decision. When I said that I should die of fright, his answer was that death was as near on land as on water. From that moment he seemed to hate even whilst he loved me. At times he seemed to think my dread of the sea an insult to himself. If you loved me,' he would say, 'you would love what I love.' In vain I represented that I had feared the sea long before I knew him. I could never pacify him. I was with him only for a few days, but they were days of misery and torture and dread. At times, when there was a storm, or any unusual noise in the ship, I used to go almost mad with fear—desperate, reckless fear; then he was not very kind to me, you know."

I thought of the clinging arms, of the savage blow, but I restrained myself. The man who had struck me was dead, lying under the emerald ocean on which we gazed. I took her in my arms and kissed the tears from her face. I called her by every loving and tender name I could think of. I told her that while I lived neither sorrow nor trouble should touch her, that I would make her so happy that she should forget all this terror and pain. She raised her face to mine and looked at me—my innocent darling—for the first and only time.

"You are very good to me, Gordon," she said gently. "I did not know that men were ever so kind or so patient."

"There are men and men, Laurie," I answered.

Just then she raised her eyes from the sunlit sea, and cried:

"Gordon, see! There in the west is a sail—a large white sail!"

And, looking, I saw the sails of the ship that was to rescue us.

CHAPTER XIV.

Our rescue did not take place that night. Already, when Laurie's dark eyes had espied the sail, night was falling—dark soon comes on in those lands where it is of brief duration. Knowing all that the other poor ladies had suffered before from suspense, I thought it wiser to say nothing to them. I consulted Will Atkinson and the two sailors.

"I think that the ladies are asleep, sir," said Will. "It does not do for them to be so tired."

So for the last time we all sang our evening hymn together, and soon night fell over tree and flower.

The sailors and I waited some time, and then, when all was silent in the leafy hut, we went away to the other side of the island. We had with us a carefully proserved treasure in the shape of a box of matches. By Will's advice we massed together a huge pile of dry wood and dead leaves, and set fire to it. How the flames leaped and roared! Very soon we saw the reflection of them in the clear dark sky, and I knew that if the vessel were still in the same direction, they would be seen by those on board. One by one the ladies woke, and came to see what was the matter. We told them we had made a huge bonfire, and they were looking at it, picturing to myself, as my heart grew warm within me, how soon Laurie's golden head and fair face would be there. For we were to be married in a few days, and that morning I was starting for St. Roma's, to escort my wife and her father to Doon Court.

Lady Meretoun had behaved most kindly. I had told her all the story of my love for Laurie Stuart, and while she did not disguise from me that it was, in wordly parlance, "a wretched match," she sympathized with me.

"I caught for a widow, Gordon! You might do much better."

"But, if I love her, aunt, as I shall never love any other woman—if she be the one chosen love of my life—what then? Surely I may marry for love? I have everything else."

"Certainly," said Lady Meretoun. "You know that I am a great advocate for love-marriages. Gordon, I am sure you have that the lady occupied a higher position in life."

"I am content," was the reply.

Lady Meretoun said no more. She seemed to take for granted all I said, so that I should retain no disagreeable remembrance of her words. Amongst other things, she insisted that our wedding should take place at Doon Court —her home. It was there the first time that Mr. and Mrs. Vaun had been on their way to India to take possession of a large fortune left by the former's brother.

We were a long time getting home, but at last we reached London, and there, after a brief while, we parted. I made Mrs. Vaun's heart glad by begging of her to go at once to my aunt, Lady Meretoun, of Doon Abbey, who would for my sake, I knew, make her welcome. I wrote a letter to Lady Meretoun, asking for kindness and hospitality for Mrs. Vaun, whose heart was thereby made glad.

I had resolved upon taking Laurie home myself to St. Roma's. She was half inclined to forbid it.

"What will they say to me, Gordon?" she asked, standing before me with her sweet downcast eyes, playing nervously with the gold chain I wore.

"What will who say, Laurie?" I asked.

"My father and mother—and all of them. I shall be quite ashamed. I went away with Captain Hardress, and I return with you. They will think I am light and inconstant."

"They will think nothing of the kind, my darling. We will say nothing of what we hope. I am coming home in mischief—to take you home. No one need know that I am your lover just yet."

"I am afraid that they will," she said gently. "Why are you so much afraid?"

"Because you look like it. Any one would find out in five minutes that you care for me."

"Well, I will be careful. I will look all the time as though I had fulfilled a very disagreeable duty in escorting you to St. Roma's, and was pleased it was over. Will that do?"

She laughed, and we started for St. Roma's. The meeting between Laurie and her parents was a most touching one. They had parted coolly with her; they had thought but little of carrying her from home with the stern, grim Captain. Her father had thought more of his own freedom from debt than of his daughter's happiness; but nevertheless, in his weak, feeble way, he loved her. He had grieved much over his supposed death, and now it seemed incredible to him that she should have been given back to him. He kissed her, then stood at a little distance from her, looking at her, and then opened his trembling hands over her fair hair, crying:

"It is really Laurie, my good little Laurie, my dear child?"

Yet it was long before he realized that Laurie had come back to him from the very jaws, so it were, of death. Her mother could only look at her in speechless joy.

"And Captain Hardress? Ah, I remember, the papers say he was brave to the last! He went down with his ship. I used to think about you, Laurie, after you had gone away. The Captain was rather old to be your husband, and very stern and determined; but then he loved you, my dear, and he was very kind to you—that used to comfort me. He did love you, Laurie!" he added, doubtfully, as she made no answer.

"Oh, yes, papa! And then you were safe and all right. I had that comfort to think of." The old man turned to me.

"What is it, Laurie," he asked—"one of the Captain's friends?"

"Yes," I hastened to say, "I was one of Captain Hardress's friends. He gave his wife into my care, when she found that she would be unable to look after her. I have been true to my charge, you see, sir, and have brought her to you."

"You are very good," he said, with an old-fashioned bow. "I am proud to offer you such poor hospitality as lies in my power; I thank you very much. Laurie, tell me this gentleman's name."

My darling came forward with her sweet sky grace and introduced me. Stuart looked surprised.

"Sir Gordon Clanalpen! I heard of your uncle many years ago. He made a great name for himself, I remember."

Then he invited me to stay and rest myself for a day or two. I must own that I affected to be more tired than I was, in order to prefer to get the invitation from him. Laurie looked pleadingly at me, as though she would say, "Do not stay." But I stayed.

I was very much pleased indeed; I spent them in winning the father's favor and the mother's regard—it was but seldom I won even a glance from the dark eyes of the daughter. The father was delighted with me; he told Laurie I was as good as I was handsome, which was great praise from him.

Mr. Stuart asked me to come again, and I promised that I would. Laurie relented a little at last, and went with me to the station. In bidding her farewell I stooped to kiss the sweet fair face; but with great prudence she held her hands to her lips, and I kissed the white fingers instead. I went from her leaving in my heart the memory of the happiest love with which man was ever blest.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a lovely morning—the first of June —and I stood on the lawn at Egremont, taking my last look at the beautiful old house I had learned to love, and which was soon to be mine to be. Egremont on a June morning was a place to look at with eyes of love and wonder. It was early yet, and the smoke had not begun to curl quietly from the cottages in the hollow; the sun lay shining on the grass, on the flowers, on the hedges; the blue sky had no cloud; the birds were singing such a morning hymn as they alone only in early summer; the laburnums, still in flower, gleamed like flame through the green foliage; the red and white hawthornes shone bright in the sweet, morning light.

The tall towers of Egremont perped from between the trees, the gardens were in perfection. For one thing I knew that my darling would love Egremont; it lay in the deep green heart of the land, far from the sound of the restless sea.

As I stood looking at it on this fair June day, I thanked Heaven for it heartily, as I had never done before. The green woods, where the winds made some sweet music, stretched out far and wide—the purple hills where the light of the sun rested, the vale of the island, were cornfields rich with the promise of golden grain, clover meadows where the cattle fed; there was a beautiful undulating park where the deer browsed, and the birds sang. My heart grew light and glad as I gazed on it; it was mine to share with my darling, who would crown it with her presence.

Then I turned from the beautiful scene and ornamented with all that taste could suggest or money provide. For one room—my wife's boudoir—I had chosen everything myself; and before leaving the house I went to take a last look at it, picturing to myself, as my heart grew warm within me, how soon Laurie's golden head and fair face would be there. For we were to be married in a few days, and that morning I was starting for St. Roma's, to escort my wife and her father to Doon Court.

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She laughed, and we started for St. Roma's. The meeting between Laurie and her parents was a most touching one. They had parted coolly with her; they had thought but little of carrying her from home with the stern, grim Captain. Her father had thought more of his own freedom from debt than of his daughter's happiness; but nevertheless, in his weak, feeble way, he loved her. He had grieved much over her

MAN'S MORTALITY.

The following beautiful poem is justly considered a gem ... [illegible] ... The translation is by the learned Dr. ... [illegible]

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Even such is man, who lives on breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of water flow,
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when Summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "Her Own Fault," "How Nellie Lost Her Chance," "Katherine's Mistake," &c., &c.

[This story was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

Next day Rosamond receives a proposal from Mr. Jayne. It is a written one, and is sent up by special messenger—Mrs. Stamp's son Jerry—from Lynn. It is a most formal and precise document, bearing a flavor of the law about it, and written on paper of a bluish shade.

Rosamond does not deliberate long about her answer. Indignant and scornful, she writes a reply which will at least open Mr. Jayne's eyes to the utter futility of proceeding further in the matter. She does not foresee the consequences of her few curt lines, or she would doubtless make them a little less scathing, however indignant she might feel. And she does feel hotly indignant at the man's presuming to address her. If she has disliked him before, she hates him now, and her repugnance is increased tenfold by the confident air of his smooth epistle, worded as it is throughout with such wily care.

She paces the little sitting-room at the Parsonage like an insulted princess, and burns to tell Hugh all about it, though she does not want to force him into a quarrel with the obnoxious attorney.

Gyde Despard has spent the morning with Mr. Carlisle, though Rosamond has not seen him. But Hugh had come to her and wished her joy, with a half-pleased, half-regretful face, scolding her at the same time for having kept him in the dark so long. Even while he spoke, Rosamond has observed that he looked unlike himself, and has hoped the news did not trouble or displease him in any way. But he has congratulated and kissed her with a languid manner unusual to him, who has always been so buoyant and full of life—at least, always till of late.

"Hugh, are you quite well?" she said to him. "Your hand is burning, and yet you shiver as if with cold."

"Oh, yes, I am quite well," he has answered, carelessly. "But I did not sleep well last night, and I am tired."

"Must you go out now?" she has asked. "The air is so very sharp."

"Yes, I must go—and I have delayed too long already. Good-bye till seven," he has said.

She has watched him down the garden-walk, anxiously noting how uncertainly he walked. In her own mind she has resolved to bring up a reinforcement in the shape of Francis Lynn, since she cannot influence Hugh for his own good. She has begun to think that, if Frances cannot persuade him to take better care of himself, he had better go away.

But, when he came back at seven, she forgets all about Mr. Jayne and his hated proposal, in the sudden shock that Hugh's appearance gives her. There is no longer room for doubt—he is not only ill but very ill, and for the next three weeks the fever which has taken fierce hold of him at last, keeps him vacillating between life and death.

Rosamond has her hands full now. Hugh is a quiet patient enough, but still there is plenty of work to do. The old woman who acts as servant at the Parsonage is willing enough, but Hugh will not allow her to come near him. But for Gyde Despard, who sits up with him very often, when it is necessary for any one to sit up at night, Rosamond would have sunk from exhaustion. He is so kind and gentle in his new role of nurse that Rosamond loves her lover more than ever. And every day another friend comes to the Parsonage to enquire for the patient, and brings every kind of dainty to tempt him to eat. This friend does not let him see her, though once, when he was asleep, she met him, and goes away crying softly at the change in the sleeping face.

Hugh struggles manfully for life, but the foe is strong, and against such a foe humanity is very weak. Youth and a good constitution are powerful weapons, however, and in the end Hugh conquers. But even in conquering he lies for dead on the field of battle, and it is long before his spirit comes to him again, much less his strength.

Meanwhile a terrible rumor has been gaining ground in the village, set afloat no one knows when or how. It is current all about the town before it comes to the ears of the parties concerned, as are many rumors, and it is very well for them that just at this time they do not hear it, when they have so much trouble already. It is not the ghost report, though that has not yet died out of the public mind; this deals more with the living than with the dead. At first it is only like the moaning of the wind before the tempest, but by-and-by it gathers force and fury, and threatens to destroy [illegible] one of the people who were awake and [illegible] the night of Saxon Lynn's murder. [illegible] is the first to hear of it. March [illegible] and all about Lynn the [illegible] with a sound like the [illegible] twigs and branches are [illegible] paths and up and [illegible]

[illegible] Rosamond is obliged to go down to see Mrs. Noakes, who is reported to be dying, and who sends up for her post-haste.

Wrapping a plaid closely round her, and leaving Hugh, who is now fairly on the road to convalescence, in the old woman's charge, Rosamond sets out on her journey reluctantly enough.

In a quarter of an hour—she goes at a good pace—she finds herself in the village, and in a few minutes more on the old "green" on the outskirts, where Mrs. Noakes occupies the cottage opposite the village pump.

Mrs. Noakes has no notion of dying just yet. Rosamond soon discovers this, and she had looked upon it as a foregone conclusion when she left the Parsonage.

Mrs. Noakes has chronic attacks of dying, which never come to a climax. But Rosamond sits by her bedside in the dim, smoky room, and listens to her rambling talk, and reads to her as much as she can comprehend. Then Mrs. Noakes falls into a doze, and Miss Carlisle prepares to go home.

In the wide chimney-corner, where the firelight falls ruddy on the sooty walls, and on the rugged hearthstone, Sally Dunn has set out the conference. She is yet in attendance on Mrs. Noakes, though some people say she does not treat her patient over-kindly, who may not be able to die just when she is expected to do so.

"Won't you warm yourself a bit, Miss Rosamond, before you go out into the cold again? The wind is bitter this evening."

Rosamond takes the three-legged stool which Sally Dunn has set for her right in front of the blaze. The old woman watches her curiously, taking a short, black pipe with which she consoles her night-vigils, from her pocket, and proceeding to fill it carefully.

"His reverence is getting on finely, Miss Rosamond," she begins.

"Very well, indeed, Sally," replies Rosamond. "I left him asleep."

"I thought once or twice he was off, Miss Rosamond, from the reports in the village, and it would be the likes of him that would be taken, and that poor auld crature beyond in the bed be left."

Rosamond hopes Mrs. Noakes does not hear this truism, as Sally Dunn takes no pains to lower her voice.

"You had no help at all in the nursing?" the old woman goes on, putting a coal on her pipe, which she had filled and packed down to her evident satisfaction.

"Except Mr. Despard. He sat up with him several nights."

Looking into the fire, Sally Dunn drew hard at her pipe.

"He's a fine young man; 'tis a pity folks should talk the way they do about him," says the old woman.

"What do they say about him?" Rosamond demands, hotly, for the old woman's tone is more provoking than her words.

"Maybe I oughtn't to spake about it, leastways to you, Miss Rosamond, for they do say in the village how you and he is sweet upon one or another."

Rosamond stamps her foot impatiently.

"Let them mind their own business," she says. "Tell me at once what you have heard."

"Be aisy, dear, and I'll tell you quick enough. There's them in the village that says he shot Mr. Saxon Lynn. It's as true as that you're sitting forninst me on that stool."

"Shot Mr. Saxon Lynn!" Rosamond echoes, in utter consternation and incredulity. "Sally, I don't believe it. No one would dare to say such a thing."

"They do say it, and no 'dare' at all about it, Miss Rosamond. And what's more, there's many that believe it, too."

"Who says it?" Rosamond asks passionately, her eyes and cheeks on fire.

"Many a one says it," Sally Dunn answers cautiously. "I'll name no names, for it's a dangerous thing to say of any man or woman either. But, if you went out and said it on the green there, there's plenty in the village would back you up. I'll promise you that."

"But what reason can they possibly have for fixing the crime upon him, of all people?" Rosamond says, calming herself with great effort, and clasping her hands tightly together.

"Reason enough, and more than one of them. There's them that can prove he was not in his own house that night till two o'clock in the morning. Isn't that reason?"

"Scarcely," says Rosamond. "My brother might say the same of himself."

"But his reverence is called up at all hours, that's a different thing. Mr. Despard had no call to be out of his bed at two o'clock in the morning."

Rosamond's face blanches, and her heart begins to tremble like the heart of a bird.

"Who knows where he was then, or what he was doing? We all know people don't do them kind of things for any good. And don't we all know there was ill-will between him and poor Master Saxon along of that farm? Everyone in the village knows that."

"He did not bear him any ill-will," Rosamond asserts, faintly.

"You wouldn't say that if you heard them quarrelling in the road above. Tom Day—he was breaking stones on the roadside at the time—says they gave each other the lie a'most, and little Jerry Stamp says their two faces was like thunder. He was a going home from school, and he says he was a'most afeard to pass them by."

Rosamond feels suddenly faint and sick; this terrible blow has stunned her, worn out as she is by days of watching and anxiety. Not for one moment does she believe in her lover's guilt, but she knows how hard, how terribly hard, it is to contradict a rumor like this when it has once gained ground. And it is such a horrible implication. It seems to her impossible that it can ever be clearly explained and set aside. She knows that Gyde Despard was with her when the fatal shots were fired, but who will believe her when she says so? That damaging fact of the quarrel between the cousins, and the great gain that has come to the one by the death of the other, will be hard to reconcile with innocence in minds already prejudiced against Gyde.

Though morally certain herself of his perfect innocence, a doubt comes into her own mind for one unworthy moment—could he have done it? He certainly was in the Parsonage garden at the time the murder was supposed to have taken place, but all the clocks may have been wrong, or it may have been that the shots were fired earlier than they thought who heard them.

Certainly he was up and out at an unusually late hour; and still more certainly his cousin's death has given him more than he could ever have hoped to possess had he lived—has given him a fortune and a bride. At this last thought Rosamond shudders. Could he have done the horrible deed for her sake?

But Sally Dunn interrupts her wretched musings, after watching her for a little while with cunning curiosity.

"Don't lose heart about it, Miss Rosamond, dear. Sure he has money enough now to put them all down, even if it do come to a trial, or the like of that."

Rosamond shudders again. Will it come to that? But she can bear no more of Sally Dunn's confidences or consolations now; her whole mind is full of but one thought—to warn him of his danger. So she rises stiffly from the stool on the hearth, as dazed-looking as one who has received a bad blow, and saying good-bye to Sally Dunn, hurriedly wraps her plaid about her and leaves the cottage.

In the larch-wood, which she reaches as soon as her trembling limbs will carry her, she meets Gyde Despard. She had not expected to see him to-day, as she knew he had gone up to Lynn Royal on business matters.

"Out in such weather, Rosamond?" he exclaims, keeping firm hold of her cold little hand. "Why you look absolutely famished, darling! Why did you venture out on such a day as this?"

"I was obliged to go down into the village," she answers, wondering how she shall tell him the bitter truth.

"You look like a ghost. I won't keep you out any longer. Run in and get a good warm at the fire, dearest; your teeth are absolutely chattering."

"Oh, Gyde, how shall I tell you?" she exclaims throwing her arms round him, and resting her face against his shoulder.

"Tell me what, Rosamond?" he inquires, gravely, holding her close to him.

"This terrible story that has got about in the village," she says, shivering in his arms.

"You need not tell me," he says, "I have just heard it."

She throws her head back to look up into his face; it is calm and resolute.

"Oh, Gyde, what will you do?" she asks.

"Disprove it if I can," he replies. "Tell me one thing, Rosamond—do you believe it?"

"Oh, no—no!" she cries, clasping him more closely.

He bends his head till his cheek rests upon hers.

"I could prove an alibi, but I shall not do it; it would make people talk," he says, quietly; and Rosamond hears him, scarcely yet comprehending how people would talk.

"Can't you swear that you were in the garden?" she asks. "And I can swear to it, too. That would make them stop talking."

"Or rather set them talking worse than ever," he answers, smiling. "No, I won't do that. I will find the man who shot poor Lynn, and that will be indisputable."

"You will never find him!" she exclaims, hopelessly.

"Then I shall never come back to Lynn Royal."

"Oh, Gyde, don't mind what they say! Who cares about it? We needn't care, when we know it is all a horrible lie!" she cries, holding him as if she could never let him go.

"I must go, darling, if it is only for your sake! And I know my enemies have done this, and will carry it out to the bitter end. There are so many things against me—my being out that night, my going away so early next morning, my quarrel with Lynn, and, above all, the advantages I gain by his death. But I am not afraid; I will cover them with confusion yet. I have the thought of you to strengthen my hand."

He loses her hold with infinite tenderness, and bends his head for another kiss.

"Good-by, dearest and best. It may be our last kiss in this world, but, even if it is, know that I love you, and will love you as long as I live. I will never see you again unless I come back to you cleared of this horrible crime. But heaven will help my righteous cause. And now, again, good-by."

CHAPTER XIX.

Hugh recovers slowly—so slowly that Rosamond sometimes thinks he is not mending at all. In the mild Spring days he lies by the open window, dreamily gazing out at the flushing woods, or listening to the songs of the happy birds, with an intense sadness in his hollow eyes. He seems to want nerve, elasticity, force, to shake off the langor and weakness that have succeeded to the more dangerous symptoms of his malady. Rosamond cannot rouse him, cannot make him take an interest in anything. Doctor Hazel cannot think what it is that is retarding his recovery. It is not that Doctor Hazel is in any hurry to have him convalescent, for he certainly is not, so far as he himself is concerned. Does he not see the fair Rosamond daily by reason of his patient at the Parsonage? Has he not sometimes seen her even three or four times daily? And could he be expected to desire a cessation of these delicious meetings? Yet he acts conscientiously by his patient, and is concerned when he finds him apparently standing still, when he has been fairly started on the high-road to recovery.

With a knowledge in her heart which Doctor Hazel does not possess, Rosamond watches her brother. From her chair by the window or by the fire she glances at his face from time to time, when she fancies she is unobserved. And the hopeless look in the sunken eyes, the sad curve of the lips, the hectic flush on the thin cheeks, fill her with strange grief and impatience. To see such a wreck made in a few short weeks of what was so lately as fine and stalwart a young fellow as ever pulled an oar or wielded a cricket-bat, is sad enough; but to know that it is done through an insane adherence to an absurd whim or theory is more than sad—it is bitter and aggravating to the last degree. That a man in full possession of his senses can willingly sacrifice himself to any such high-flown and sublimated ideas is more than Rosamond's sisterly patience can endure. But she finds herself powerless to deal with this case. She is terribly obstinate and tenacious herself, and she knows that her obstinacy is intensified tenfold in her brother. She knows of only one resource; but she hesitates before trying it, knowing that it is her last chance.

So she watches Hugh furtively, and as each day finds no change for the better in his condition, but rather for the worse, she grows almost as sad-looking as he is, having her own troubles as well as his to weigh down her spirit.

One afternoon they are thus together, she sitting by the window, he lying on the couch close to the open window. It is a soft April evening, and a sunny brightness lies on the woods, on the uplands, on the nearer garden-beds, where narcissuses and hyacinths and primroses mingle their fragrance, and clumps of pale wallflower gild the old walls, and the trim box edges look shining and emerald green. Hugh is gazing out dreamily, with one thin hand supporting his head, and the other holding a little half-closed book. He has not spoken for more than an hour, and Rosamond, watching him, has surreptitiously removed some tears from her eyelashes. All at once he turns to her.

"Why do you look at me so, Rosa mia? You are always doing it," he says, half-playfully.

"I—I don't think I am," she replies hurriedly.

"Indeed but you are," he says. "I feel your eyes upon me. What is the matter? Is my hair growing gray, or my face blue, or what is it that excites your curiosity so much?"

"Do you feel better to-day?" she inquires, irrelevantly.

"Oh, yes! I grow better every day," he answers, a little wearily, turning away his head again.

"I don't think you do," she says, getting up and going to him. "Hugh, what is the matter with you?"

"The matter?" he repeats, looking up at her with eyes not altogether grave.

"Yes. You need not try to deceive me. You know you are not one bit better than you were a week ago, if so well. What is keeping you back?"

"How can I tell?" he says. "Want of motive power, I suppose."

"But you don't try to get well," she exclaims.

"Perhaps I don't want to get well, Rosa mundi," he returns, with a curious smile.

"That is just it," she says sorrowfully. "Oh, Hugh, do shake off this melancholy which is destroying you! If you don't——"

"What will happen?" he asks quietly, with the same strange smile.

She does not answer, but a great passion of tears takes possession of her, and she cries as if her heart would break.

"Don't!" Hugh whispers gently, taking her hands from her face. "If I would rather die than not, child, is it not better to let me die?"

"Oh, no—no!" she cries. "Why should you wish to die? You are so young—you can do so much good by living—why should you wish for a terrible death?" she sobs, refusing to be comforted.

"Death is not terrible to me, Rosamond—not half so terrible as life. I am not wicked enough to pray for death, much as I may long for it; but, if it comes, I will bid it welcome with my whole soul."

"But it is unnatural to wish to die," Rosamond says passionately. "It is unnatural and wicked and wrong. It is because you are weak and ill that you wish it. If you were strong and like yourself, such a thing would never enter your head."

"I think it would," Hugh answers, quietly. "When one is weary of living, one's next thought naturally is to wish to die. The moment life grows wearisome, then death begins to have strange charms for the human heart. It will at least put an end to strife."

Rosamond weeps on unconsoled. Her brother's words do not allay her sorrow; rather do they add to it. His desire for death is so deliberate—has taken such deep root in his mind—that she fears it is past eradicating now. But still she has her one resource, and she determines to use it now.

"Hugh, do you know that you are breaking Frances Lynn's heart?"

He starts slightly, and the hectic flush on his cheeks deepens a little.

"Breaking her heart?" he says, uneasily.

"Yes," she replies; "and you may have a right to destroy your own happiness, but I do not think you have a right to destroy hers."

"Heaven knows I did not do it willingly!" he murmurs, but in an uncertain voice.

"Can you honestly say that you never tried to make her care for you?" asks his sister.

"I can!" he exclaims, vehemently. "I can, and I am thankful to be able to say it. But I am not free from blame. I fear—I know that I have more than once let her see how much I cared for her."

"You have," Rosamond echoes, with a condemnation in her tone which she assumes for her own purposes.

"I must have done so because I could not hide it," he says. "I struggled hard—you may know how hard by the wreck it has made of me—but I am sure she knew my secret, and for that I blame myself bitterly; for I could have borne any suffering myself, if only she were happy."

"But she is not happy," Rosamond says, drying her eyes. "She is just as unhappy as you are, and she has not even the satisfaction of knowing that she has caused it herself, as you have. I think your conduct is dastardly toward Frances, and so I tell you. Is it her fault that she has money? Tell me that!"

Hugh is silent now.

"I don't know why she should be forced into unhappiness all her life," continues Rosamond, "while you should meekly lie down and die, just because Frances Lynn happens to have a few thousand. Why can't she let the money lie in the bank, or wherever it is, and be as proud as ever in this uncomfortable little hole? I dare say Frances Lynn is quite fool enough to agree to any such crazy arrangement."

Hugh is silent still, but whether convinced or not Rosamond cannot tell. She can only sow the seed, and she plants it deeply with a vengeance. But she can see that he looks a shade less desponding even while he speaks; and, though she would not for worlds let him see any triumph in her eyes, it is in her heart all the same.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

ETIQUETTE IN TRAVELLING.

Some people seem when they travel to so completely forget, or to lay aside, the ordinary courtesies of manner, that perhaps a few words on the subject may not be out of place. Some people—and, we grieve to say, ladies more especially—appear to imagine that their comfort and convenience is the only thing to be consulted, and to consider that the wishes of their fellow-travellers is of not the slightest moment. A strong, healthy girl will exclaim in a railway carriage that it is "very stuffy," and that she is "dying for air," following up her declaration by opening the window, regardless of the fact that, the other being already open, a thorough draught is created, in which very few sensible people care to sit. Of course, if one of her own party has the seat giving the control of the window (the corner facing the engine), the other passengers are helpless, for few ladies like openly to object to what their fellow-travellers do; and if one of them does take courage to say she fears the consequences of a draught, the way her remonstrance is received is often far from civil. The window is half shut, with a sulky enquiry whether that will not do, and even if the culprits abstain from grumbling they more often than not make demonstrations of heat, and look at each other in a manner that shows ostentatiously that they consider their companion troublesome. Probably too, at the first station, the window is again opened, and not closed without another request on the subject. All this shows intense selfishness, and an utter want of that consideration for others which is the only true secret of good breeding. Equally selfish of course are those who insist on keeping both windows hermetically sealed. The majority of lady travellers, too, are very inconsiderate as to their small parcels, shawls, cloaks, etc. They seem to imagine that the seats of the carriage which they do not themselves occupy are provided specially for their personal luggage, and assume an aggrieved appearance if anyone enters the carriage and necessitates its displacement. Another very common piece of bad taste is to discuss people in any public conveyance; it is impossible to know who their fellow-travellers may be, and it is therefore safer to refrain from personal topics. Some appear to select persons of high degree as the topic of their conversation, as a means of making themselves of importance, and often succeed in making themselves exceedingly ridiculous to those who really know those of whom they only talk. There seems to be some excitement consequent on travelling which induces people to be more noisy and more talkative than they would dream of being at home. If it can possibly be avoided, young ladies should never be allowed to travel alone. If they have a maid, she should accompany them in the railway carriage; if not, the guard should be requested to put them into a carriage where there are other ladies. A lady travelling alone should be most particular not to enter into conversation with any strange gentleman with whom she may happen to travel. She should, of course, acknowledge any civility—such as an enquiry respecting the window, or any such common-place matter—with courtesy, but she should show by her manner that she does not intend that the conversation should proceed further. In these days, when quite young girls are often permitted to travel alone, this caution cannot be too strongly impressed upon them; and it would be well also if they were warned that when waiting at a station other than a quiet village one, it does not look well for them to saunter up and down the platform, but that they should remain in the waiting-room till the train approaches. Of course, unless it is pointed out to them, girls are not likely to think of this; they mean no harm, and the platform is perhaps pleasanter, and it does not strike them that it does not look comme il faut for them to wander about ostentatiously unattended. Above all, they should provide themselves with their luncheon, so as to avoid the necessity of entering the refreshment room, which is not a suitable place for ladies alone. If ladies travelling by themselves ever meet with disrespect or annoyance, it is almost invariably their own manner which is to blame. Though they mean no harm, their off-hand, showy, and boisterous manners are apt to be misunderstood, and their fellow-travellers believe them to be soliciting and laying themselves out for attentions which, when proffered, are very unwelcome.

We adorn graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in the Scriptures to those fading beauties whose roots, being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory.

THE IRON CROWN.

It was a lovely evening. The sun, like a globe of red gold, was sinking slowly and grandly into the dark-blue waters of the Mediterranean. The long, level sunbeams dyeing the trembling surface of the beautiful Bay of Naples with a glory of purple, and amethyst, and gold—climbing the rugged heights of dark Vesuvius, which stood out in bold relief against the blue, cloudless sky, and lingering with warm, loving embrace upon broken columns and ruined arches, while away in the hazy distance they glittered upon the flashing windows and marble colonnades of Naples itself.

For an hour or more I had been lying at the base of a broken column, idly watching the white cloud of smoke which hung like a plume of feathers over the summit of Vesuvius, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a rustling sound in the laurel grove behind me.

Peering cautiously through the dark screen of leaves, a sight met my eyes that sent the blood rushing, in one great bound, back to my heart.

Not a dozen yards away from me, beneath the shadow of the overhanging laurels, a young girl, beautiful as an angel's dream, lay peacefully sleeping on the green, mossy turf, a smile of happiness lingering on her parted lips. One long tress of hair, black as a raven's wing, floating lovingly down over her breast, and curling over an arm white as a lily and perfect in shape and beauty as that of the classic Venus de Medici.

Above her bent the dark-cloaked and hooded form of a woman, in whose black, glittering eyes, fixed upon the fair face of the sleeper, flashed a glance of fiendish hate, while a long, sharp pointed stiletto glittered in her uplifted hand, within a foot of the breast of the unconscious girl.

To spring to my feet and dash the blade from the swiftly-descending hand was the work of a moment; and as the dark laurel bushes closed behind the flying figure of the baffled assassin, the fair sleeper awoke with a quick, startled cry, and fixed her dark, lustrous eyes, with a wild gaze of enquiry, upon my face.

In a few words I told her what had happened, and as her eyes fell upon the glittering stiletto lying upon the grass beside her, a deathly pallor overspread her beautiful face. By the uplifted gaze of her eyes, and the quivering of her mute lips, I could tell that a silent thanksgiving for her narrow escape ascended to heaven.

Then, in a few broken words—how strangely sweet her soft Italian sounded in my English ears—she thanked me; and as her little hand lay trembling in my own, and her dark, earnest eyes looked up shyly and tearfully into mine, I knew that I had met my fate.

I soon learnt her history, as we walked together towards Naples, by the shore of the beautiful bay.

Violetta was the only child of Guiseppe Angeloni, leader of the orchestra in the San Carlo Theatre, whose sudden death a few months before had left her alone and friendless in the world.

The director of the theatre, however, who had been an old friend of her father's, charmed by her exquisite voice, had offered her a position at the theatre, and the night before our meeting she had made her debut, with great success, in the role of Norma, the prima donna to whom that part had been originally assigned being suddenly indisposed.

The weeks that followed were the happiest of my life; and before that bright, beautiful Summer ended, Violetta promised to give up the stage and become my wife.

The evening on which her farewell performance was to take place—how well I remember that 17th of February—came at last.

We were to be married the next morning, at the British Consulate, and start the same afternoon for my home in England.

The San Carlo was full to overflowing.

Splendid diamonds and rich dresses flashed and gleamed in the thousand jets of light which shot from the glittering chandeliers.

All the aristocracy of Naples had assembled to bid adieu to their favorite, for immediately after her first appearance Violetta had become prima donna of the San Carlo, and in so doing had incurred the undying hatred of her predecessor, Giannetta Ghirelli, who had never recovered from her illness sufficiently to take up her old position on the stage.

The opera was "La Favorita;" and as Leonora, Violetta surpassed herself.

Encore after encore shook the very walls of the vast theatre; and when, at the close of the opera, in obedience to another call from the audience, she appeared again upon the stage, she stood before the footlights surrounded by bouquets.

Happening to glance upwards, my attention was fixed upon a closely-veiled figure in the highest tier of boxes, in whose flashing black eyes, fixed with a gaze of terrible hatred and revenge upon Violetta, I recognized the glittering orbs whose basilisk gaze had been riveted upon the unconscious face of the fair sleeper beneath the dark laurels on the shore of the bay, and whose fell purpose I had so happily frustrated only a few days before.

Swift as a flash of lightning, the same white arm which had on that Summer evening pointed the glittering stiletto was now uplifted. What seemed to be a laurel crown, but which was heavy moulded and painted iron descended with unerring aim upon the beautiful head of the fair singer, who, with a wild shriek of agony which will ring in my ears until my dying day, fell senseless to the floor.

I rushed from the wings, and knelt by my promised bride.

I washed the red stream from her white forehead.

The sharp, needle-like steel spikes of the heavy iron circlet, which looked like a wreath of laurel, had done their deadly work too effectually.

Slowly the beautiful dark eyes opened, and gazed with one last lingering look of love into mine, and the next moment Violetta fell back dead into my arms.

The murderess was never discovered.

The doorkeeper affirmed that a veiled figure, which he afterwards recognized as Giannetta Chirelli, passed hastily through the door in the confusion which ensued, and a fisherman brought into Naples the following morning a cloak which he said he had found floating in the bay, and which I at once recognized as that worn by the veiled woman in the theatre the evening before.

If the dark blue waters of the beautiful bay closed over Giannetta Chirelli, they never disclosed the secret of her fate.

Twenty years have elapsed since the murder of Violetta, and with the exception of the floating cloak found by the fisherman, no trace or clue of Giannetta Chirelli has ever been discovered.

Awful Carnage in Iowa.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

Seven Massachusetts sewing machine agents and fourteen book agents invaded this county one day last week.

The Governor was immediately urged to send troops, but he said he had no military at his command, but he would send down a couple of lightning-rod men and a chromo man, who would talk the invaders to death.

Then Burlington just got up and went over the river and hid in the woods until the sounds of carnage died away.

And as the pale moon rose up slowly and calmly she looked down and saw the cold corpses of seven sewing machine agents and two lightning rod men, while the only living creature that roamed the awful field was a deaf chromo man, in the wild, fierce delirium of the lockjaw.

It is not necessary to carry vinegar, pepper, or butter. They can be borrowed from other parties.

FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

PARIS, Aug. 17, 1877.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

We have just passed over the 15th of August, a day which, outside of all political considerations, continues to be a great fete day. It is first one of grand religious solemnity in the Catholic Church—the Assumption, the Fete of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The churches were all thronged in the early part of the day with the faithful, and handsomely adorned with flowers in her honor. It is also "St. Marie," and as the number of females who have this name is incalculable, there were very few families who did not celebrate it in their interiors. In France the birthday of a person is of very little account in regard to the celebration of it—it is their "Saint's Day," which is fixed. It is estimated that there are 260,000 (two hundred and sixty thousand) Maries in this city, therefore Paris nearly disappeared on that day under a mountain of flowers. Every one on the streets the day previous seemed to be interested in the coming fete, and it was almost impossible to pass along the Boulevards without the risk of falling over pots of roses or fuchias (with their bright petals), for the sidewalks were entirely encumbered with flowers, and much to the annoyance of those who were in a hurry. Little by little the flowers in the stalls and shop windows disappeared, having gone to their various places of destination, though at six o'clock you could get a magnificent plant, in full flower, for two francs, for which you would have paid ten francs or more at twelve o'clock. Among the wealthy, enormous prices are given for bouquets, the beauty of which, though, cannot be surpassed, either in regard to the flowers or the arrangement of them. The handle is generally formed by a bow of handsome ribbon, with the name "Marie" encircled by a garland of flowers, from the pencil of miniature painters. The florists are not the only ones who reap a harvest on that day; the jewellers and shopkeepers of all kinds have each their share of patronage, the Patissiers particularly, with their large cakes, on which the tradition "a Marie!" is in large letters of candy on the top.

This month has besides this fete another which is most profitable to horticulturalists—the St. Louis, which occurs on the 25th. Napoleon I. preferred rather to celebrate his saint's day on the 15th, being the national fete day, and holiday on account of its being the fete of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Emperor wanted the "rejouissances" to take place on a day when everyone would be at leisure to enjoy them. Napoleon III. continued this custom. Therefore, under the Empire it has been one of the greatest festivals of the year. Heretofore the Palace of the Tuileries has been brilliantly illuminated, and the Champs Elysees from there to the Arc de Triomphe has been one blaze of light.

In Tuileries Gardens the illuminations were also superb. Fireworks of the most costly kind were displayed, and most delicious music discoursed by the different fine bands of the city. On this day the Emperor received, and the decoration of the order of the Legion d'Honneur was conferred by them upon those who merited it. Privileges were granted to the extreme poor, for never, except on that day, were they allowed on the streets, begging alms. Of course, those who have witnessed all this, and now viewed in the manner in which it has just been observed (in a political way) cannot but feel sad at the change.

"THE BONAPARTISTS,"

however, were determined that all should not entirely fall into decay, and there were several political demonstrations. On the street, in front of St. Augustin's Church, there was collected a large crowd, and M. Paul de Cassagnac, in coming out from there, was most enthusiastically cheered. In the church there were a number of ancient functionaries and friends of the Empire, and several soldiers sported very boldly the violet. There were repeated attempts to cry "Vive l'Empereur," but it was suppressed. M. Rouher (the imperialist) and other Bonapartists went to Chiselhurst to celebrate the day with the Prince Imperial.

"COMING ELECTIONS."

It is stated that in the forty-one departments with 236 seats (in which the official choice is already known) the Bonapartist candidates number 149, while the Royalists are even below the remaining 87, for there are some large towns in which the Republicans will be unopposed. If this calculation is correct, and if the proportion should be the same in the rest of France a Cabinet ought not even to attempt what would be a ruinous victory. What would the prospect for the Marshal and the Septennate with a Chamber nearly two-thirds Bonapartist? Marechal de MacMahon has left the city for Cherbourg. The municipality there have had the bad taste to refuse a vote of money for his reception. "Look upon that picture, and then upon this." A few days ago the President made a visit to the new Hospital Haut Dieu, of which I shall write of at another date, and the crowd which were in waiting for him cheered him most vociferously with cries of "Vive la Republique!"

"PARIS."

Great preparations are going on in the theatrical world, and in a few weeks Paris will be herself again. There are to be new plays, new operas, and everything is promised in the way of great attractions. Improvements are going on in all quarters of the city. Five new squares will soon be given up to the public, and before long all the trees cut down during the siege will be planted again, and Paris can then count 100,000 of them. This does not include those in private enclosures, in gardens of public institutions, nor in cemeteries, but purely municipal trees.

"ROSINE STOLTZ."

The revival, during the last week, of the Opera of the "Reine de Chypre," by Halivey, gives an opportunity of recounting some interesting incidents in regard to it. About forty years ago a young woman, endowed with beauty more expressive than regular, a voice more penetrating than exact, made her debut at the Royal Academy; being also an impassioned tragedienne, she spread her sway over the entire musical world. The actress and the woman reigned supreme upon the public, and upon the manager—in a word, she was "La prima donna, assoluta" in the fullest sense of the word.

Poets, composers, artists, and even supernumeraries submitted to her laws. This lasted seven years, but there came a fall at last, which was sudden, complete and irreparable. In the year 1847, during the representation of Robert Bruce, the proud actress, who was called then Rosine Stoltz, and who hides to-day her gloire sexagenaire under a ducal Italian title, received from her audience such an injurious reception that she was obliged to yield up her situation. The stormy passage of Madam Stoltz in the Lyrique heavens is still fresh in the musical world, for she left a train of light which has not yet been extinguished. Celebrated composers yielded to her every whim. She wished to appear in a dress of white merino, and her hair falling loosely over her shoulders. Donizetti then wrote for her the fourth act of La Favorita, in which role she has never been equalled. Another day she asks for an opera without a tenor, so that she might be dressed in male attire, to show off her handsome form. Halivey then wrote for her the Lazzarine. All the operas must have in them but one female role (La Favorita has but one) as she must be the centre of attraction. In the meanwhile, La Reine de Chypre, another opera with but one female role, was written for her. This opera was brought out for the first time in December, 1841, with great success. The words are from the pen of M. de St. Georges. He has taken his plot from the true incidents in the life of Catarino Cornara. This noble Venetian came from a high and noble family, married in 1470 Jacques de Lusegnan, King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, and after his death, which occurred a few years afterwards, she reigned alone. Limited space forbids my entering into the action of the play. The poem is well arranged and contains a sufficient number of musical situations. The opera abounds in beautiful melodies. The celebrated duo of the baritone and tenor, in third act, the delicious morceau "Triste exile" sur la terre etrangere, is deserving of special mention, not only for its musical merit, but from the fact "thereby hangs a tale." Finding that this magnificent duo would be the gem of the opera, bringing down, no doubt, bursts of applause, and knowing the prima donna (Rosine Stoltz) would admit of no rivalry in her dominion, the baritone and tenor were obliged, during rehearsal, to sing it a demi voix; but then the question arose how it should be sung during the representation without her knowledge. But the dresser came to the rescue. How much time would it take to change the costume of Catarino? The dresser replied ten minutes to button up the twelve large rubies in her corsage. Add twenty, cried the manager. The twenty rubies were added and the third act was sung before her toilette was finished. How went off the duo? our sovereign asks. So-so, and the queen of the opera and the queen of Cyprus never heard the duo in the third act. The magnificence of the costumes in this opera is beyond description. The ballet is very fine and that of the fourth act displayed before the grand "Place de Nicosie," with the sea in perspective, produces an effect most brilliant and successful.

L. N.

HAVE the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

THINGS right in themselves are more likely to be hindred than advanced by an injudicious zeal for promoting them.

EXPERIENCE wounded in the school where man learns piercing wisdom out of smart.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PROTECTION AGAINST THE TURNIP FLY.—The best protection against the turnip fly is thick sowing. Don't spare the seed, after having obtained the best. Some people "bush" the seed in, and run a light harrow over it; but we should prefer a light roller.

HUNGARIAN GRASS.—If you want to get any feeding profit out of Hungarian grass or millet, it must be cut early, just when it is getting into heads. It can be cured as other fodder and stored away for use. Cattle will eat it readily when cut young; but when the cutting is delayed the stalk becomes very woody and the ends only will be consumed.

LAND IN FARMS.—The average quantity of land in the farms of the following twelve States is given from accurate data: Maine, 98; New Hampshire, 122; Massachusetts, 103; Rhode Island, 84; Connecticut, 93; New York, 103; Pennsylvania, 103; New Jersey, 98; Indiana, 112; Ohio, 111; Michigan, 101; Wisconsin, 114. In the rest of the States the average is greater.

WHITE MUSTARD.—White mustard was largely sown in France last Autumn for fodder. It is so relished by milch cows that many peasants call it the "butter plant." It is sown in August on the stubble if the soil is friable and harrowed in; or sometimes the soil is turned over with a plough, five pounds of seed to the acre. The plant can be consumed green till the frost arrives.

FLAVOR OF THE PEACH.—Some one has got up a paragraph that of late years the peach has deteriorated in flavor, and is not what it used to be. Some writers talk this way when they have nothing else to complain about. It is all bosh. This year, it is true, pears and peaches are not up to the usual mark of excellence, owing to the heavy and prolonged rains—that is the early varieties; but the late varieties of both pears and peaches will no doubt sustain their old reputation in every particular.

MAIZE FODDER.—To throw cured maize fodder out in the cattle yard, or to feed it in the stall as hay is fed, is highly wasteful. It cannot be fed alone or as an adjunct to hay; to use it profitably it must be finely cut and well mixed or alternated with maize or cotton seed meal, bran, or some similar material. Maize meal and similar articles contain too much albuminoids, fat and starch for healthy and economical cattle food; maize fodder contains too little of these and too much coarse fibre, the two should be mixed.

ABOUT FRUIT.—A correspondent of the Sacramento (Cal.) Record Union says: Good selected fruit of any kind, well taken care of, will always find ready sale, and bring the highest market rates. Care in boxing and packing is essential in the carrying of all fruit, and the brands of those who take the best pains will always be in demand and find customers. Fallen fruit should be daily picked up; either feed it to the hogs, or select the best to be utilized in some other way. A good plan is to take straw and scatter it around the body of the tree, and thereby save a large portion being bruised.

KEEPING APPLES.—The Western Agriculturist says: Use great care in picking them from the trees, and when transferring them from the basket to the barrel handle them like eggs. Get the best granulated sugar barrels to keep them in, and when the barrels are full cover them with a thick paper to keep them from the air. Then, with a barrel-header, press the heads in, and keep them out of the cellar as late as you can without having them frozen. Put them in the dryest and coolest part of the cellar, and raise from the ground three feet or more on skids, and do not open or disturb them until they are wanted for use. If exposed to the air by opening the barrel to pick them over, some of the apples will rot and others will wither.

SUCCESS WITH FLOWERS.—Says the Ohio Farmer: Some people are never successful with flowers, while others are uniformly so. There is such a thing as too much care, and it is equally as injurious as too little. We know of one lady who was always seeking advice about the management of this and that flower, and always took everybody's advice, until her flowers perished. Then she tried again, using her own judgment, assisted in a general way by a standard work on the subject; her success has been all that could be desired since. Some water too much. No rule about supplying water can be laid down—except the general one—water whenever needed. This leaves it to the discretion of the grower, and the habits of each variety must be closely observed, to be successful. It is a great accomplishment to be able to bring out all the rich beauty of a flowering plant—a greater one than to be able to make an imitation in wax, or even in water colors or oil.

WHAT A ROBIN EATS.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph writes: I saw a robin catch a large grasshopper, a thing I never, as I remember, saw a robin do before. There was no mistake in regard to the act. I was riding in the highway, while the capture occurred a short distance ahead of me. The bird made several attempts at capture before succeeding, for the insect made a number of leaps for life. This circumstance would seem to indicate the robin is insectivorous as far as the grasshopper is concerned. If I mistake not, I have a recollection of frightening a robin in my boyhood, just as the bird was in the act of pecking at something in the ground. After the bird's flight I approached the spot, and found a black grub about an inch and a half long. My brother, who is quite an observer, tells me he is sure he has seen the robin eat the common wire-worm. These facts would seem not only to indicate that the robin is not confined to a diet of earth-worms, but that he probably enjoys a considerable range of animal resources to offset his occasional frugivorous repasts.

FENCING FIGURES.—According to United States statistics, worm or Virginia fence costs ninety-five cents, post-and-rail one dollar and thirty-five cents, board fence one dollar and twenty-six cents, and stone wall two dollars and thirty-four cents per rod in Massachusetts. This estimate is based upon boards at sixteen dollars per thousand and rails at fifty six dollars. From the same source it would seem that of our fences sixty-seven per cent. are of the kind known as worm or snake fence, seventeen per cent. of post-and-rail, twelve per cent. of board and only four per cent of permanent stone wall. The returns embrace 156,377,921 rods of fence, inclosing 16,274,641 acres, at a cost of $179,834,494 or at the rate of nine hundred and fifty-five rods to each one hundred acres. The annual expense of repairs and interest upon the investment is $198,806,182. The interest-bearing national debt, the cost of our fences and the value of the live stock of the nation, all figure up to about the same amount. Each dollar's worth of live stock requires one dollar's worth of fence to keep it in order. That twenty-five per cent. of this fencing is needless and may be best dispensed with, is undoubted. How much of the remainder would be rendered needless by a properly connected system of pasturing and soiling, it is hard to say.

LEAVES FOR GARNISHING FRUIT.—Some kind of leaves are more suitable than others for this purpose. Strawberries, for instance, look best associated with their own foliage; grapes may be laid on their own leaves, but there are others which suit them quite as well. One of the best plants for furnishing leaves for garnishing all kinds of fruit is the curled mallow, an annual of which three sowings may be made in a year in rich soil—the first early in April, the second about the beginning of May, and the the the third about the same time in June. The leaves are about the size of small vine leaves, and beautifully frilled. Wherever fruit has to be garnished this plant ought to be grown. The ice-plant also furnishes good leaves for Summer garnishing, its glistening, icy appearance having a cool and pretty effect on the table. It should be sown in a pan or box, in heat, in the first or second week in April, and planted out in the open border in May. In Winter variegated kale and bay leaves answer the purpose. Bay leaves are rather stiff for grapes, while for oranges, apples and other fruit they may always be used with good effect.

THE CELERY FLY.—The larvae of the celery fly (Tephrites onopordinis) in some seasons do much mischief to the celery crops, and as yet no effectual remedy has been discovered. When celery is infested with the larvae the leaves become blistered and turn yellow, and as the grubs are underneath the blisters, they may be crushed between the finger and thumb. The grubs, when full-grown, descend into the earth, and remain in the chrysalis state until the following Spring, when they give birth to the fly, which in due course deposits the eggs on the leaves. Therefore to prevent the attack of the pest the next year, leaves badly infested should be removed and burnt, to prevent the grubs attaining their full development.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

There are nearly two thousand Roman Catholic missionaries in Hindostan.

The Christian Statesman is of opinion that the Roman Catholics of both Europe and America are in full sympathy with the Turk against Russia.

The losses which the American Board has already sustained in its Turkish missions, in consequence of the war, amount to $10,000.

The new Methodist Church in Holmesburg, incomplete for many years, is nearly finished.

New Zealand has a population of 400,000, of whom 40,000 are Catholics.

The First Catholic Church erected in Boston was that of the Holy Cross, on Franklin Square, dedicated by Bishop Carroll in 1803.

The Methodist Episcopal Church through its Missionary, Church Extension and Freedmen's Aid Societies has expended, chiefly for the colored people, $2,101,757. "We have to show for this," says the Christian Advocate, "in the South thirteen institutions for higher education, with twenty-six professors, 1,300 pupils, and a property valued at $250,000. Sixty thousand colored children are now annually taught by the teachers sent out from schools and colleges."

The Christian Union says: The acrimony of party warfare in the Episcopal Church of England goes on aggravating itself at such a rate as to make the impending disruption of that body a thing almost to be desired in the interest of Christian peace.

The American Missionary Association meets this year in Syracuse, October 23 to 25. Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., of New Haven, Conn., will preach the annual sermon. Rev. Joseph Cook and others will also take part in the exercises. Further details will be found in the Publisher's Department.

Judge Maury Hoffman has written an article in the Church Journal deprecating any change in the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He asks: "What is the defect or evil of the present name? What ills does it produce which will be averted, or what benefits, by discarding it, will be secured?" Judge Hoffman traces historically the origin of the two words "Protestant" and "Episcopal" in the Church's title.

Mr. Moody is working a ten-acre farm at Northfield, Mass., a very pretty place, where he says he gets some inspiration. His plans for the Winter are not made as yet, but he doubts whether he will go to Cincinnati or St. Louis, preferring rather to follow up his Boston work, with campaigns in other New England cities.

MR. GORDON'S Picnic Party.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Helena Tremper had been unhappy all day. Her fine clothes annoyed her, and she envied the other girls their plain attire. She did not attempt to help them prepare the dinner, although she trembled with anxiety to do so, because Miss Louise had said she had better be careful of her pretty dress, and had given her a seat beside her, as she sat reading. Many of the girls came to the accompaniment of a guitar, the property of one of their number, but although Helena possessed a good voice, and was well skilled in the use of the instrument, no one seemed to remember her accomplishment, and she reserved an invitation to play until it was given at the suggestion of Mary Lucas.

The truth was Helena had confined herself silent to her companions by her ill-natured remarks and haughty manner, and the neglect she now felt was of her own creating. She was fully aware of this, and nearly repented of her errors. She felt that she was the cynosure of this multitude of young people, and strayed away to the rocks to be alone, that she might indulge in the tears she could no longer repress.

Here she found the solitude she sought, for the climbing was laborious, and those who had attempted it had given it up for some less tiresome pleasure.

Poor Helena pursued her way up the rugged rocks, tearing fragments of her costly dress on every jutting point; but, regardless of all things except the one idea that she could be alone, she climbed up further and further, until finding a hollow in the surface of the rock, she sat down there, to ponder over her sorrows. Poor girl! she little knew the terror she was to feel before she descended from her treacherous resting-place.

The sun was fast approaching the horizon, when Helena, having regained her composure, looked down on the scene below.

Fearing to stay any longer, lest she should be forgotten and left behind when the party bent their way homeward, she attempted to retrace her steps, but found hardship greater than on a lodge below her when, with a loud noise, the stone gave way, and she fell into deep darkness, from which there was no escape with out assistance. She uttered loud cries in her distress, but they were unheard, for the hour had indeed arrived at which the party was to cross the lake, and they were too distant to hear Helena's agonized cries.

It seemed to the poor imprisoned girl as if ages had passed since her fall, yet she still was listening for an answer to her oft-repeated cries. But the silence was unbroken, and she was fast giving up to despair, when a soft voice greeted her strained ear. "Helena," it cried, "Helena, dear, where are you?"

She knew it to be a nonsense it was Mary Lucas calling, and her tears flowed afresh as she thought how little kindness she could expect from her hands.

It happened, fortunately for Helena, that Mary had been engaged gathering specimens of moss on the rock at the time of her fall. Mary had just finished her work, and was hastening to join the gay party, when the cry of her hour was late, when she was startled by Helena's cry of distress.

Regardless of everything, except giving help when it was needed, she quickly returned to the spot, fastened with all her might the end of her shawl, which she fortunately had taken with her, torn into strips, she succeeded in drawing the top to the surface of the rock.

Strange to say, Helena was not even injured by the fall, and they immediately hurried forward, hoping to find their companions awaiting their arrival. The night was closing around them, and the air was cold and chilly, as they reached the pic-nic ground, to find they were alone in this desolate spot, for the boats had crossed the lake, and they were left behind.

Helena, wrung her hands in despair. "Oh! Mary," she cried, "how can I ever lift up my head in your presence again! I owe my life to you—to you, whom I have ever thought of with contempt, and have tried with all my power to injure in the estimation of your associates. Well do I deserve that you should have left me to die, instead of which you have encountered the peril of being left here to pass the night in this desolate place, rather than leave me in my trouble. How can I ever repay you for your great kindness to me?"

"Say not saying anything more about it, dear Helena. We must now think of our comfort for the night, instead of anything else. Suppose we look about us. Possibly we may find something forgotten that may be of use. I remember there was also a napkin, containing some cake and sandwiches, under a bush for little Sally Storrs. She told me she would surely be hungry before night, poor little dear! I proposed to her mother to care for her as we returned home. Well, come, Helena, we will, perhaps, find the napkin in its hiding place, and its contents will make us a supper."

It was now quite dark, and the poor girls felt miserable in their loneliness. Mary remembered she had kindled a fire in the morning to boil some water. She knew where she had laid some matches, and was fortunate enough to find them.

A fire was soon built on the ashes of the old one, with some of the dry brush that had not been consumed with the light in the morning, found as it had been left. After their slight supper had been eaten, the girls gathered up more wood and made a great blaze, hoping it might draw the attention of some one to their forlorn condition.

The dew of an August night is frequently as heavy as a light rain. It was particularly so on this eventful evening, and the girls' garments were drenched with it, making them feel cold and chilly.

Helena had undergone a terrible excitement during her short confinement in the ravine, and it now began to tell upon her weary frame. She trembled with fear at every sound, fancied she saw fearful things in the darkness, and could not by exertion of the strongest, quiet Mary's alarm. After awhile she fell asleep, and Mary carefully wrapped her from the night air, in a flannel shirt-waver from her own person for that purpose. Then she pillowed Helena's head in her lap, and Mary too fell asleep, entirely unconscious that lights were flashing on the lake shore, carried by two men, who were searching for the lost ones, and the their last daughters. Two friends, who had been estranged for many years, brought together at last by a kindred calamity.

The girls were awakened by approaching footsteps. Clinging together they hugged themselves to meet the evil, whatever it might be, and think it was that they were friends.

In their joy at the recovery of their children unhurt, the two fathers renewed their bond of friendship, and all the old differences were forgotten.

Helena ever after was grateful for the lesson she learned on the mountain side, and the good and amiable Mary Lucas never regretted the importunities that restored to her father his best friend and opened a new chapter in the life of Helena Tremper.

[THE END.]

GLEANINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

The necktie is in vain as important an article of dress as a bonnet or hat is a woman, probably few men, as they stand before the mirror with every nerve strained to the utmost, management to do so, bestow upon their ties, be it of silk, satin or the immaculate linen, ever realize that much can be said and written of it in the line of description. Fashion writers, men and fashion have introduced in its general appearance.

Neckties are of comparatively recent date as articles of civilized costume, and their introduction to fashionable society was in the middle of the seventeenth century, and was first known in England only four years the close of Charles the Second's reign. They have been worn uninterruptedly since then, but through what marvellous changes and stages have they not passed—from broad to narrow, from long to short, from gray to gay, from lively to low tones! The latest is the shortest, and is worn much as the form, and the original band of white linen, fringed with lace, is worn only by bishops and ministers of the gospel. Fashion, ensuring ever again to the starting point. As worn by the dandies in the time of the Merry Monarch, its ends were elaborately fine linen, with ends of lace, and was a somewhat costly appendage, as may be gathered from the fact, that in the year 1663 the sum expended for 1663-4 and 1665-6, Charles II. is charged £26 19s. 8d.'s new tie to be worn on the birthday of his dear brother, that in the year 1666 £26 15s. for the cravat of Venice lace to wear on the day of his coronation. In the Great Wardrobe accounts of a later period it was worn by William III.'s expenditure. "To six point neckties, £15s." In the time of William III., the cravat was worn over the coat, and the dandies of the day were prone to pass the ends through the buttonhole of the waistcoat. In order to prove the supreme folly of the fashion of wearing the cravat, we will quote a few lines from Addison, that decked his royal neck. Presently an improvement was made in the white linen and lace, which was at once more delicate, less costly and more graceful, and the original band of white linen was retained, but the ends were made of black silk and silk of all colors. A great variation of the fashion arose also in 1692, and for one hour mighty a cause than the battle of Steinkerque. It was related that the French officers dressed themselves in great haste for the battle, and in their hurry and confusion forgot their necks; and in commemoration of the glorious victory achieved the Marechal de Luxembourg over the Prince of Orange on that occasion, a studied negligence in the mode of wearing a cravat became a sign in France, and was termed a la Steinkerque. Satirekrs, as they were soon called, were worn in France by men and women alike, and, as a consequence, women soon took to wearing cravats as well as men. The steinkerk was generally made of fine lace with a broad frill of lace at each end, sometimes the more economical among the dandies of the day wore black silk neckerchiefs, but as neckwear economy were not the conspicuous points of the day, the narrowingly objectionable linen and costly lace were more general. Ladies wore steinkerks of various materials, silk, satin, and linen, but generally silks; on them it became simply a kerchief wound round the neck instead of being spread over the shoulders. Many people still possess among their family relics some of the steinkerks worn by their friends' misses, and wonder what purpose they could have served. As a consequence of jewelry were worn to fasten (when not passed through the buttonhole the lace steinkerk, which was generally worn with a long hanging end, and the steinkerk gave way, eventually, in favor of the cravat, and silks, and satins, and many impossible changes to undergo before they reached their present position, and which, as we before said in an important issue in costume last century; the art of folding it and tying it is a science and, not to be lightly passed over. The character of certain stuffs, the manner in which they should be folded previous to the disposal of the ends, formed the subjects of critical essays and learned discussions, and some of the cravats of the period were immortalized in sonnets. Some very learned treatises have been given in connection with gloves, which are always an indispensable feature of a perfect toilette. It was formerly said that for a glove to be good, three kingdoms should have contributed to its perfection—Spain to prepare the kid, France to cut it up, and England to sew it. Three kingdoms for one glove! It was to avoid attaching importance to this article of feminine attire" [Mary Lucas knew that for ladies, gloves should be longer than the hand, in order that they may not be seen as they project from the wrist. They must be glazed or dull, according to the time when they are to be worn, and the latest advice to ladies never to wear them too tight fitting. Gloves, like cravats, have their studies look to both hands and fingers. Just as a lady's contemplate most attractive, so a close fitting glove will show the hands, and which by compressing the figure displays its fullness, causing it to be called against the unfortunate royal, however slightly plump the hands may be, they recall against tight gloves, and in spite of the advice of the kid, the suppleness of their articulation is lost. A lady who has very tiny fingers should have her gloves cut small, this point, the great masters of portrait painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Gerard Dupres, She would perceive that the fingers of the gloves were padded—all distinguished for their beauty or their charming deficiency in that respect. Long fingers and taper looked tight or narrow. It is evident that the artists of the period considered the hands would give them the effect of those wonders of beauty so frequently on boards. Those portraits show us that the artists in question had the privilege of the right to have the advice of the face, by carefully softening the shade of the pic-nic ground, to find they were alone in this desolate spot, for the boats had crossed the lake, and they were left behind.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF EUROPE.

POLITICAL, PERSONAL AND COSMOPOLITAN—SOME OF THE CELEBRITIES THAT FILL THE WORLD WITH THEIR NAMES—ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AUTHORESSES AND ANECDOTE WRITERS.

No. I.

THE WORLD OF PARIS.

We propose to furnish our readers in a series of papers containing our impressions of Europe, more especially the great worlds of Paris and London, and cannot do better than commence with our recollections of the capital of the French Empire. When Napoleon the Third raised France to the position of "a grande nation," and surrounded himself with the Austrian's red hussars" from beauteous Italy, and Napoleon the Third's frails were redeemed by the splendor of the Imperial Court, he did more than anything but the development of the resources of France, and the elevation of her industrial prosperity to a height to be envied even by the free men of the people, and which is nowhere proven by the increase wealth they possessed since the end of the war with Prussia. Paris, previous to 1870, was a city of fifty a of a thousand millions of dollars, and to-day we behold them rich and prosperous, whilst their economics, their industry, and their wealth are increasing.

There can be no doubt that a great deal of the prosperity of France is due to the wise and liberal policy of the oligarchy and the feudal system of the first French Revolution, and also the glory and prestige given to the country by the Napoleonic dynasty.

That he was the great captain of the age in which he lived is saying but little for the Petit Corporal, for, we believe, that he was the greatest man in Europe, in spite of any ego, not indeed as the wondrous military hero he was alone, but also as a great statesman, a profound student of the science of government, and the founder of the greatest code of laws in the world—"The Code Napoleon." Who could credit the fact, that in the palace of his brilliant court, at a time when all Europe was at his feet, when the proudest potentates of the earth were only glad to pay him homage and obtain an infinite, and wondrous man, this Corsican captain, should have devoted many hours daily and for months together to the arithmetic of the department and direct the economic of the men he selected in power?

With what steady perseverance, with what unflinching, stern devotion to duty, with what serious, judgment and wisdom he displayed the wonderful powers of his great mind, is to be found on every page of French history during the twenty years of his eventful career. He too, like his nephew, the United States, was a man of peace, and when at war his one reason for war was that he might have peace. His "terror to be at peace only when at war." still he found time to build up the commercial greatness of France, and to promote in a marvellous manner the development of her resources and the promotion of great public works of national importance.

Napoleon the Third had the great advantage of his uncle's life and actions to guide him, and we believe this was "his guiding light" throughout his most brilliant career; and if he was not as great as he was for the sad trouble with Frederick of Prussia, assent the Spanish marriage question, Louis Napoleon has less renowned than war," and although he may be not "terror to be at peace only when at war,"

FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY.

By the Author of "Her Own Fault," "How Nellie Lost Him," "Kathleen's Rivals," &c. &c.

This story was commenced in No. 31 Vol. 44. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Next day Rosamond receives a proposal from Mr. Jayne. It is written out, and in such a formal, business style, that Peggy regards it as a special intimation that Mr. Jayne is not a Jonquil—from Lynn. It is a most formal and precise document, bearing a flavour of the law about it, and written on paper of a bluish shade.

Rosamond does not deliberate long about her answer. Indignant and scornful, she writes a reply which will at least open Mr. Jayne's eyes as to the futility of his proceeding further in the matter. She does not foresee the consequences of her five cut lines, or she would not have written them a little less scathing. Rosamond believes she might as well, as she has not hardly indignant as the succinct air of his letter, spoken words as it is thought with such wifty care.

She paces the little sitting-room at the Parsonage like an insulted princess, and burns to tell Hugh all about it, though she does not want to force him into a quarrel with the all-serious attorney.

Gyde Despard has spent the morning with Mr. Carlisle, though Rosamond has not seen him. But Hugh comes to her after their joy, with a half-pleased, half-regretful face, soothing her at the same time for having kept him in the dark so long. Even while he spoke, Rosamond has observed that he looked unlike himself, and has hoped the news did not trouble or displease him to any way. But he has congratulated and kissed her with a languid manner unusual to him, who has always been so buoyant and full of life, at least, always till of late.

"Hugh, are you quite well?" she said to him. Your hand is burning, and yet you shiver as if with cold."

"Oh, yes, I am quite well" he has answered carelessly. "But I did not sleep well last night, and I am tired."

"And you go out now? she asked. "The air is so very sharp."

"Yes, I must go—and I have delayed too long already. Good bye till seven," he has said.

She has watched him down the garden-walk, anxiously noting how uncertainly he walked. In her own mind she has resolved to bring up a reinforcement in the shape of Francie Lynn, since she cannot influence Hugh for his own good. She has begun to think that if Francie cannot persuade him to take better care of himself, he had better go away.

But, when Hugh has left her alone, she forgets all about Mr. Jayne and his hated proposal, in the sudden shock that Hugh's appearance gives her. There is no longer room for doubt—he is not only ill but very ill, and for the next three weeks the fever which has taken fierce hold of him at last, keeps him vacillating between life and death.

Rosamond has her hands full now. Hugh is a quiet patient enough, but still there is plenty of work to do. The old woman who acts as servant at the Parsonage is willing enough, but Hugh will not allow any one but Rosamond to nurse him. But for Gyde Despard, who sits up with him very often, when it is necessary for any one to sit up at night, Rosamond would have sunk from exhaustion. He is so kind and gentle in his new role of nurse that Rosamond grows fonder more than ever. And every day another friend comes to the Parsonage to enquire for the patient, and brings every kind of dainty to tempt him to eat. Even Francie Lynn begs him see her, though once, when he was asleep, she rose him, and gave an cry crying softly at the change in the sleeping face.

Hugh struggles with death for life, but the foe is strong, and against such a foe humanity is very weak. Youth and a good constitution are powerful weapons, however, and in the end Hugh conquers. But the struggle leaves him so like to dead on the field of battle, and it is long before his spirit comes to him again, much less his strength.

Meanwhile a terrible rumour has been gaining ground in the village, set afloat no one knows when or how. It is current all about the town before it comes to the ears of the parties concerned, as so many rumors, and it is very well for them that just at this time they do not hear it, when they have enough trouble already. It is not the public report, though that has not yet died out of the public mind; the finds many with the living friend with the dead. At first it is only like the moaning of the wind before the tempest, but by-and-by it rises into such fury and fierceness to destroy every one who were awake and in the night of Simon Lynn's murder.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

RAPE RESPECTABLE.

[illegible]

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[illegible] Rosamond is obliged to go down to see Mrs. Noakes, who is reported to be dying, and who wants to see her poor friend.

Wrapping a plaid closely round her, and leaving Hugh, who is now fairly on the road to convalescence, in the old woman's charge, Rosamond sets out on her journey reluctantly enough.

In a quarter of an hour—she goes at a good pace—she finds herself in the village, and for a few minutes more on the old "green" on the outskirts, where Mrs. Noakes occupies the cottage opposite the village pump.

Mrs. Noakes has no notion of dying just yet. Rosamond soon discovers this, and she has looked upon it as a foregone conclusion when she left the Parsonage.

Mrs. Noakes has chronic attacks of dyling, which never come to a climax. But Rosamond sits by her bedside in the dim, smoky room, and listens to her rambling talk, and reads to her as much as she can comprehend. Then Mrs. Noakes falls into a doze, and Miss Carlisle prepares to go home.

In the wide chimney-corner, where the fire-light falls redly on the dusty walls, and on the high-backed bonnet-chair, a figure has sat out the conference. She is yet in attendance on Mrs. Noakes, though some people say she does not trust her patient over kindly, who may not be able to die just when it is expected to do so.

"Won't you warm yourself a bit, Miss Rosamond, before you go out into the cold again? The wind is bitter this evening."

Rosamond takes the three-legged stool which Sally Dunn has set for her right in front of the blaze. The old woman watches her curiously, taking a short, black pipe with which she consoles her sight-visits, from her pocket, and proceeding to fill it carefully.

"His reverence is getting on finely, Miss Rosamond," she begins.

"Very well, indeed, Sally," replies Rosamond. "I left him fast asleep."

"I thought once or twice he was off, Miss Rosamond, from the reports in the village, and it would be the likes of him that would be taken, and that poor auld creature bygood in the end he has left."

Rosamond hopes Mrs. Noakes does not hear this truism, as Sally Dunn takes no pains to lower her voice.

"You had no help at all in the nursing?" the old woman goes on, putting a coal on her pipe, which she had filled and packed down to her evident satisfaction.

"Except Mr. Despard. He sat up with him several nights."

Looking into the fire, Sally Dunn drew hard at her pipe.

"He's a fine young man; 'tis a pity folks should talk the way they do about him," says the old woman.

"What do they say about him?" Rosamond demands, hotly, for the old woman's tone is more provoking than her words.

"Maybe I oughtn't to spake about it, leastways to you, Miss Rosamond, for they do say in the village how you and he is sweet upon one or another."

Rosamond stamps her foot impatiently.

"Let them mind their own business," she says. "Tell me at once what you have heard."

"The sixty, dear, and I'll tell you quick enough. There's them in the village that says he shot Mr Saxon Lynn. It's no true as that you're sitting frowint me on that cheer."

"Shot Mr. Saxon Lynn!" Rosamond echoes, in utter consternation and incredulity. "Sally, I don't believe it. No one would dare to say such a thing."

"They do say it, and no 'dare' at all about it, Miss Rosamond. And what's more, there's many that believe it, too."

Who says it?" Rosamond asks passionately, her eyes and cheeks on fire.

"Many a one says it," Sally Dunn answers cautiously. "I'll name no names, for it's a dangerous thing to say of any man or woman that they have committed murder or any other crime, there's plenty in the village would back you up. I'll promise you that."

"But what reason can they possibly have for fixing the crime upon him, of all people?" Rosamond says calming herself with great effort, and clasping her hands tightly together.

"Reason enough, and more than one of them. There's them that can prove he was not in his own house when that deed till two o'clock in the morning. Isn't that reason?"

"Scarcely," says Rosamond. "My brother might say the same of himself."

"But his reverence is called up at all hours; that's a different thing. Mr. Despard had no call to be out of his bed at two o'clock in the morning."

Rosamond's face blanches, and her heart begins to trouble like the heart of a bird.

Who knows where he was then, or what he was doing? We all know people don't do them kind of things for any good. And don't we all know that Mr. Saxon Lynn was in the way your Master Saxon along of that farm? Everyone in the village knows that."

"He did not bear him any ill-will," Rosamond asserts, faintly.

"You wouldn't say that if you heard them quarrelling in the road above. Tom Day—he was breaking stones on the roadside at the time—can't forget a word after the lie is said, and little Jerry stamp says their two faces was like thunder. He was a going home from school, and he says he was a'most afraid to pass them by."

Rosamond feels suddenly faint and sick; this terrible blow has stunned her, worn out as she is by days of watching and anxiety. Not for one moment does she believe in her lover's guilt, but she knows how terribly hard it is to contradict a rumor like this when it has once gained ground. And it is such a horrible supposition. It seems to her impossible that it can be true, and yet she cannot set aside. She knows that Gyde Despard was with her when the fatal shots were fired, but who will believe her when she says so? That damaging fact is separated by but a few yards of land, and the great gain that has come to the one by the death of the other, will be hard to reconcile with innocence in minds already prejudiced against Gyde.

Though mortally certain herself of his perfect innocence, a doubt comes into her own mind for one unworthy moment—could he have done it? He certainly was in the Parsonage garden at the time when the shots were fired, to have taken place, but all the clocks may have been wrong, or it may have been that the shots were fired earlier than they thought who heard them.

Certainly he was up and out at an unusually late hour, and still more certainly his cousin's death must be a great gain to him. He is poor, and has hoped to possess had he lived—has given him a fortune and a bride. At this last thought Rosamond shudders. Could he have committed the crime for gain?

But Sally Dunn interrupts her wretched musings, after watching her for a little while with cunning curiosity.

"Don't lose heart about it, Miss Rosamond, dear. Mr. Jayne has money enough now to put them all down, even if it do come to a trial, or the like of that."

Rosamond shudders again. Will it come to that? But she can bear no more of Sally Dunn's confidence or consolations now; her whole mind is full of but one thought—to warn him of his danger. So she rises stiffly from the stool on the hearth, as Sally Dunn lets her see who has received a bad blow, and saying good-bye to Sally Dunn, hurriedly wraps her plaid about her and leaves the cottage.

In the twilight, which the trashes at once on Ann knowledge limbs will carry her, she meets Gyde Despard. She had not expected to see him to-day, so she knew he had gone up to Lynn Royal on business.

"You in fast weather, Rosamond?" he says, in a tone of surprise, and with a cold little hand.

"Why you look absolutely cold little hand, darling! Why did you venture out on such a day as this?"

"I was obliged to go down into the village," she answers, wondering how she shall tell him the bitter truth.

"You look like a ghost. I won't keep you out any longer. Run in and get a good fire-side, dearest, your teeth are chattering."

"Oh, Gyde, how shall I tell you?" she exclaims throwing her arms round him, and hiding her face against his shoulder.

"Tell me what, Rosamond?" he inquires, gravely, holding her close to him.

This terrible story that has got about in the village," she says, shivering in his arms.

"You need not tell me," he says, "I have just heard it."

She throws her head back to look up into his face, it is calm and resolute.

"Oh, Gyde, what will you do?" she asks.

"Disprove it if I can," he replies. "Tell me one thing, Rosamond—do you believe it?"

"Oh, no—no!" she cries, clasping him more closely.

"He bends his head till his cheek rests upon hers.

"I could prove an alibi, but I shall not do it; it would be useless," he says, quietly; and Rosamond hears him, scarcely yet comprehending how people would talk.

"Can't you swear that you were in the garden?" she asks. "And I can swear to it, too. That would make them stop talking."

"Or rather set them talking worse than ever," he answers, smiling. "No, I won't do that. I am not the man who—but now that poor Lynn, and that will be indisputable."

"You will never find him?" she exclaims, hopelessly.

"Even I shall never come back to Lynn Royal."

"Oh, Gyde, don't mind what they say! Who cares about it? We needn't care, when we know it is all a horrible lie" she cries, holding the hand he has held.

Rosamond hopes Mrs. Noakes does not hear this truism, as Sally Dunn takes no pains to lower her voice.

"I must go, darling, if it is only for your sake! And I know my enemies have done this, and will carry it out to the bitter end. There are many things against me—my being out that night, my going away so early next morning, my quarrel with Lynn, and, above all, the advantages I gain by his death. But I am not afraid; I will cover them with confusion yet. I have the thought of you to strengthen my hand."

He loses her hold with infinite tenderness, and bends his head for another kiss.

"Good by, dearest, good by. I may be our last kiss in this world, but, even if it is, know that I love you, and will love you so long as I live. I will never see you again unless I come back to you cleared of this horrible crime. But heaven is with me, my righteous cause. And now, again, good-by."

CHAPTER XIX.

Hugh recovers slowly—so slowly that Rosamond sometimes thinks he is not mending at all in the cold Spring days he lies by the open window, dreamily gazing out at the budding woods, or listening to the songs of the happy birds, with an intense sadness in his hollow eyes. He seems to have no energy, elasticity, force, to shake off the languor and weakness that have succeeded to the more dangerous symptoms of his malady. Rosamond cannot rouse him, cannot make him laugh, or interest him by anything. Doctor Hazel cannot think what it is that is retarding his recovery. It is not that Doctor Hazel is in any hurry to have him convalescent, for he certainly is not, so far as he himself is concerned, for he and Mr. Jayne and Rosamond daily by reason of his patient at the Parsonage! Has he not sometimes seen her even three or four times daily? And could he be expected to desire a cessation of these delicious meetings? But he is a kind man, actuated by his patient, and is concerned when he finds him apparently standing still, when he has been fairly started on the high-road to recovery.

With a knowledge in her heart which Doctor Hazel does not possess, Rosamond watches her brother. From her chair by the window or by the fire she glances at his face from time to time, when she fancies she is unobserved. And the hopeless look in the sunken eyes, the sad curve of the lips, the hollow cheeks, fill her with strange grief and impatience. To see such a wreck made in a few short weeks of what was so very perfect a man and stalwart a young fellow as he was but a few months ago, is having her own trouble as well as his to weigh down her spirit.

One afternoon they are thus together, she sitting by the window, he by the fire, not close to the open window. It is a soft April evening and a sunny brightness lies on the woods, on the spinneys, on the nearer gardens—the time is just ripe for the birth of flowers, and primroses mingle their fragrance, and clumps of pale wallflower gild the old walls, and the trim box edges look shining and emerald green.

Hugh is sitting quietly, with one white hand supporting his head, and the other holding a little half-closed book. He has not spoken for more than an hour, and Rosamond, watching him, has surreptitiously removed some tears from her eyelashes. All at once he turns to her.

"Why do you look at me so, Rosa nda? You are always doing it," he says, half-playfully.

"I—I don't think I am," she replies hurriedly.

"Indeed but you are," he says. "I feel your eyes upon me. What is the matter? Is there something gray, or my face blue, or what is it that excites your curiosity so much?"

"Do you feel better to-day?" she inquires, irrelevantly.

"Oh, yes! I grow better every day," he answers, a little wearily, turning away his head again.

"I don't think you do," she says, getting up and going to him. "Hugh, what is the matter with you?"

"The matter?" he repeats, looking up at her with eyes not altogether grave.

"You. You need not try to deceive me. You know you are not one bit better than you were a week ago, if so well. What is keeping you back?"

"How can I tell?" he says. "Want of motive power, I suppose."

"But you don't try to get well," she exclaims.

"Perhaps I don't want to get well, Rosamond," he returns, with a curious smile.

"That is just it," she says sorrowfully. "Oh, Hugh, do shake off this melancholy which is destroying you! If you don't——"

"What will happen?" he asks quietly, with the same curious smile.

She does not answer, but a great passion of tears takes possession of her, and she cries as if her heart would break.

"Poor Lyn!" Hugh whispers gently, taking her hands from her face. "If I would rather die than not, child, is it not better to let me die?"

"Oh, no—no!" she cries. "Why should you wish to die? You are so young—you can do so much good by living—I should feel quite lost for a terrible death!" she says, refusing to be comforted.

"Death is not terrible to me, Rosamond—not half so terrible as life. I am not wicked enough to pray for death much as I may long for it, but, if it comes, I will bid it welcome with my whole soul."

"But it is unnatural to wish to die," Rosamond says passionately. "It is unnatural and wicked and wrong. It is because you are weak and ill that you wish it. If you were strong and like yourself, such a thing would never enter your head."

"I think it would," Hugh answers, quietly. "When one is weary of living, one's next thought naturally is to wish to die. The moment life grows worrisome, then death begins to have strange charms for the human heart. It will at least put an end to strife."

Rosamond is silenced. Her brother's words do not allay her sorrow; rather do they add to it. His desire for death is so deliberate—has taken such deep root in his mind that it is not the result of a passing suffering now. But still she has her one resource, and she determines to use it now.

"Hugh, do you know that you are breaking Francie Lynn's heart?"

He starts slightly, and the hectic flush on his cheeks deepens a little.

"Breaking her heart?" he says, uneasily.

"Yes," she answers, "and you must have a right to destroy your own happiness, but I do not think you have a right to destroy hers."

"Heaven knows I did not do it willingly," he murmurs, in a low, pained voice.

"Can you honestly say that you never tried to make her care for you?" asks his sister.

"I can" he exclaims, vehemently. "I can, and I am thankful to be able to say it. But I am not free from blame. I fear I know that I have more than once let her see how much I cared for her."

"You have," Rosamond echoes, with a confirmatory nod in the face which she assumes for her own purposes.

"I must have done so because I could not hide it," he says. "If struggled hard—you may know how hard by the pains it has made of me—but I am sure she knew my secret, and for that I blame myself bitterly; for I could have borne any suffering myself, if only she were happy."

"But she is not happy," Rosamond says, drying her eyes. "She is just as unhappy as you are, and she has not even the satisfaction of knowing that she has caused it herself as you have. I think your conduct is distinctly toward Francie, and so I tell you. Is it her fault that she has money? Tell me that!"

Hugh is silent now.

"I don't know why she should be forced into unhappiness all her life" continues Rosamond, "while you should meekly lie down and die, just because Francie Lynn happens to have a few thousand. Why can't she let the money lie in the bank, or wherever it is, and be as proud as ever in this uncomfortable little hole? I dare say Francie Lynn is quite fool enough to love to say that you are a fortune-hunter."

Hugh is silent still, but whether convinced or not Rosamond cannot tell. She can only sow the seed, and she plants it deeply with a vengeance. But she can see that he looks a shade less despondent than while he spoke of, and, though she would not for worlds let him see any triumph in her eyes, it is in her heart all the same.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

ETIQUETTE IN TRAVELLING.

Some people seem when they travel to so completely forget, or to lay aside, the ordinary courtesies of home and society, that a few words on the subject may not be out of place. Some people, and, alas! they are by no means rare exceptions, appear to imagine that their comfort and convenience is the only thing to be considered, and to consult that to the whole of their fellow-travellers is of not the slightest moment. A strong, healthy girl will exclaim in a railway carriage that it is "very stuffy," and that she is "dying for air," following up her declaration by opening the window regardless of the fact that other beings already are in the throes of a thorough draught is created, in which very few sensible persons like to sit. Of course, one of her own party has the first grasp of the control of the window the corner facing the engine; the other gets the corner behind her—for few ladies like openly to object to what their fellow-travellers do, and if one of them has the courage to say she fears the consequences of a draught, the way her remonstrance is received is often far from civil. Then a lady will with a wife and child that she will not do, and even if the culprit does not make demonstrations of heat and look at each other in a manner that shows unmistakably that they consider their comfort troublesome. Possibly too, at the first station, the window is again opened, and not closed without a louder request or an hint. All this shows intense selfishness, and an utter want of that consideration for others which is the only true test of breeding. Equally selfish of course are those who insist on keeping the window hermetically sealed. The majority of lady travellers, too, are very incomfortable so to their small parcels, shawls, cloaks, etc. They seem to imagine that the seats of the carriage which they do not themselves occupy are provided especially for their personal luggage, and assume an aggrieved appearance if anyone enters the carriage and necessitates its displacement. Indeed, the whole time of half-a-dozen is occupied in discussing people in any public conveyance. It is impossible to avoid hearing their fellow-travellers may be, and it is therefore, under no circumstances, to refrain from personal quips. Some appear to select persons of high rank for the topic of their conversation, as a means of making themselves of importance, and often succeed in making them believe ridiculous falsehoods by those who really know those of whom they only talk. There seems to be a strange infatuation about the travelling which induces people to be more noisy and more talkative than they would dream of doing at home. If it can possibly be avoided, young ladies should never be allowed to travel alone. If they have a maid, she should accompany them in the railway carriage; if not, the guard should be requested to put them into a carriage where there are other ladies. Any travelling alone should be most particular not to enter into conversation with any male passenger, unless it be one she may happen to travel. She should, of course, acknowledge any civility such as an inquiry about the time of day, or any such common place matter—with courtesy but she should show by her manner that she does not intend that the conversation should proceed further. In those days, when quite young girls are often permitted to travel about the country alone, they are often impressed upon them, and it would be well also if they were warned that when they arrive at any other than a quiet village one, it does not look well for them to saunter up and down the platform, but that they should remain in the waiting room till the train approaches. Of course, unless it is pointed out to them girls are not likely to think of this; they mean no harm, and the platform is perhaps pleasanter, and it does not strike them that it does not look common. But for them to wander about ostentatiously unattended. Above all, they should provide themselves with plenty of small change, so as to avoid the necessity of entering the refreshment room, which is not a suitable place for ladies alone. Those who travel much should also be provided with disrespect or annoyance, it is almost invariably their own manner which is to blame. Perhaps they have a hamper, their self-hand, sheep, and boisterous manners are apt to be mistaken for ordinary ones. Quiet, unobtrusive manners will generally ensure civility, and leave them to be noticing and laying themselves out for attentions which, when proffered, are very unwelcome.

We often grumble with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in the Scriptures to those flowers, beautiful in their prime, fleeting in their duration, the again to glory.

THE IRON CROWN.

It was a lovely evening. The sun, like a globe of red gold, was shaking slowly and gracefully into the dark-blue waters of the Mediterranean. The long, level sunbeams dyeing the trembling surface of the beautiful bay of Naples with a glory of purple, and amethyst, and gold—climbing the rugged heights of dark Posilipo, which stood out in bold relief against the blue, cloudless sky, and lingering with warm, loving embrace upon broken columns and ruined arches, while away in the hazy distance they glittered upon the flashing waters and marble colonnades of Naples itself.

For an hour or more I had been lying at the base of a broken column, idly watching the white cloud of smoke which hung like a plume of feathers over Mount Vesuvius, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a rustling sound in the laurel grove behind me.

Peering cautiously through the dark screen of leaves, a sight met my eyes that sent the blood rushing, in one great bound, back to my heart.

Not a dozen yards away from me, beneath the shadow of the overhanging laurels, a young girl, beautiful as an angel's dream, lay peacefully sleeping on the grass, mossy turf, a little off from the path. Her head was pillowed upon one long tress of hair, black as a raven's wing, flowing lovingly down over her breast, and curling over an arm white as a lily and perfect in shape and beauty as that of the classic Venus de Medici.

Above her bent the dark-cloaked and hooded form of a woman, in whose black, glittering eyes, fixed upon the face of the sleeper, flashed a glance of fiendish hate, while a long, sharp pointed stiletto glittered in her uplifted hand, within a foot of the breast of the unconscious girl.

In spring in my feet and dash the blade from the swiftly-descending hand was the work of a moment, and as the dark laurel bushes closed behind the flying figure of the baffled assassin, the fair sleeper awoke with a start, looked around, and fixed her dark, lustrous eyes, with a wild gaze of enquiry, upon my face.

In a few words I told her what had happened, and as her eyes fell upon the glittering stiletto lying upon the grass beside her, a deathly pallor overspread her beautiful face. By the uplifted gaze of her eyes, and the quivering of her nostrils, I could tell that a chief thanksgiving for her narrow escape ascended to heaven.

Then, in a few broken words—how strangely sweet are soft Italian sounds in my lover's ear—she thanked me; and as her little hand lay trembling in my own, and her dark, earnest eyes looked up shyly and tenderly into mine, I knew that I had won a prize.

I soon learnt her history, as we walked together towards Naples, by the shore of the beautiful bay.

Violetta was the only child of Guiseppe Angeloni, leader of the orchestra in the San Carlo Theatre, whose sudden death a few months before had left her alone and friendless in the world.

The director of the theatre, however, who had been an old friend of her father's, charmed by her exquisite voice, had offered her a position at the theatre, and the night before our meeting she had made her début, with great success, in the role of Norma, the prima donna to whom that part had been originally assigned being suddenly indisposed.

Two weeks (that was how long were the happiest of my life, and before that bright, beautiful Summer ended, Violetta promised to give up the stage and become my wife.

The evening on which her fate-well performance was to take place—how well I remember that 15th of February—came at last.

We were to be married the next morning, at the British Consulate, and the same afternoon for my home in England.

The San Carlo was full to overflowing.

Splendid diamonds and rich dresses flashed from every box, and the parterre was a blaze of light which shot from the glittering chandeliers.

All the aristocracy of Naples had assembled to bid adieu to their favorite, for immediately after the great impressive Violetta had become prima donna of the San Carlo, and in so doing had incurred the undying hatred of her predecessor, Giannetta Ghirelli, who had never recovered from her illness sufficiently to take up her old position on the stage.

The opera was "La Favorita," and as Leonora, Violetta surpassed herself.

Encore after encore shook the very walls of the vast theatre, and when, at the close of the opera, in obedience to another call from the audience, she appeared again upon the stage, she stood before the footlights surrounded by flowers.

Happening to glance upwards, my attention was fixed upon a closely veiled figure in the highest tier of boxes, in whose flashing black eyes, fixed with a gaze of terrible hate upon Violetta, I recognized the glittering orbs whose baitlisk gaze had been riveted upon the unconscious face of the fair sleeper beneath the dark laurels on the hill side, and by whose fell purpose I had so happily frustrated only a few days before.

Swift as a flash of lightning, the same white arm I had seen raised to strike, when softly veiled. The majority of lady travellers, too, are very incomfortable so to their small parcels, shawls, cloaks, etc. They seem to imagine that the seats of the carriage which they do not themselves occupy are provided especially for their personal luggage, and assume an aggrieved appearance if anyone enters the carriage and necessitates its displacement. Indeed, the whole time of half-a-dozen is occupied in discussing people in any public conveyance. It is impossible to avoid hearing their fellow-travellers may be, and it is therefore, under no circumstances, to refrain from personal quips. Some appear to select persons of high rank for the topic of their conversation, as a means of making themselves of importance, and often succeed in making them believe ridiculous falsehoods by those who really know those of whom they only talk. There seems to be a strange infatuation about the travelling which induces people to be more noisy and more talkative than they would dream of doing at home. If it can possibly be avoided, young ladies should never be allowed to travel alone. If they have a maid, she should accompany them in the railway carriage; if not, the guard should be requested to put them into a carriage where there are other ladies. Any travelling alone should be most particular not to enter into conversation with any male passenger, unless it be one she may happen to travel. She should, of course, acknowledge any civility such as an inquiry about the time of day, or any such common place matter—with courtesy but she should show by her manner that she does not intend that the conversation should proceed further. In those days, when quite young girls are often permitted to travel about the country alone, they are often impressed upon them, and it would be well also if they were warned that when they arrive at any other than a quiet village one, it does not look well for them to saunter up and down the platform, but that they should remain in the waiting room till the train approaches. Of course, unless it is pointed out to them girls are not likely to think of this; they mean no harm, and the platform is perhaps pleasanter, and it does not strike them that it does not look common. But for them to wander about ostentatiously unattended. Above all, they should provide themselves with plenty of small change, so as to avoid the necessity of entering the refreshment room, which is not a suitable place for ladies alone. Those who travel much should also be provided with disrespect or annoyance, it is almost invariably their own manner which is to blame. Perhaps they have a hamper, their self-hand, sheep, and boisterous manners are apt to be mistaken for ordinary ones. Quiet, unobtrusive manners will generally ensure civility, and leave them to be noticing and laying themselves out for attentions which, when proffered, are very unwelcome.

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FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL

PARIS, AUG. 27, 1877.

THE FÊTE OF THE ASSUMPTION.

We have just passed over the 15th of August—a day which, from the decade of all political consideration, continues to be agreed fête day. It is first one of grand religious solemnity in the Catholic Church—the Assumption, the Fete of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The churches were all thronged in the early part of the day with the faithful, and the grand cathedrals of Paris were filled to the very doors. It is also "St. Marie," and again number of females who have this name in baptism, and to whom it is almost a custom to celebrate it in their interiors. In France the birthday of a person is of very little account in regard to the celebration of it—it is their "Saint's Day," which is fixed. It is estimated that there are 900,000 (two hundred and sixty thousand) Maries in this city. Therefore Paris was quite disquieted on the day under a mountain of flowers. Every one on the streets the day previous seemed to be interested in the sale of flowers, and it was almost impossible to go along the Boulevards without the risk of falling over pots of roses or fuchsias (with their sweet perfume), for the stalls were literally loaded down with flowers, and much to the annoyance of those who were in a hurry. Little by little the flowers in the stalls and shop windows disappeared, having gone to their various places of destination, though at any time you could get a magnificent plant, in full flower, for two francs, for which you would have paid ten times as much in London. Among the rich and wealthy, enormous prices are given for bouquets, the beauty of which, though cannot be surpassed, either in the variety or the arrangement of them.

This month has been also the one another which is most profitable to horticulturists—the St. Louis, which occurs on the 19th. Napoleon I preferred either to consecrate his saint's day on the 15th, being the national fête day, and he chose it as the one for being the fete of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Emperor wanted the "republicans" to take pleasure on a day when everyone would be at leisure to enjoy them. Napoleon III. continued this custom. Therefore, under the Empire it has been one of the greatest festivals of the year. Here before the Palace of the Tuileries has been brilliantly illuminated, and the Champs Elysees from there to the Arc de Triomphe has been one dazzle of lights.

In Tuileries Gardens the illuminations were also superb. Fireworks of the most costly kind were displayed, and most delicious music discovered by the different fine bands of the city. On this day the Emperor presented and the decorations of the order of the Legion d'Honneur was conferred by them upon those who merited it. Privileges were granted to the extreme poor, for they were allowed to dance. They were they allowed on the streets, begging alms. Of course, those who have witnessed all this, and now viewed in the memory, will have long been observed (in a political way) cannot but feel sad at the change.

THE BONAPARTISTS.

however, were determined that all should not entirely fall into decay, and there were several grand illuminations, one in front of the church of St. Augustin's Church, there was collected a large crowd, and M. Paul de Cassagnac, in coming out of the church, was received with enthusiasm. In front of the church there were a number of ancient furniture dealers and friends of the Empire, and several soldiers spared very badly the effigies of the Prince Imperial and presented to cry "Vive l'Empereur," but it did not happened. It is believed the Imperialist and other Bonapartists went to Chiselhurst to celebrate the day with the Prince Imperial.

"COMING ELECTIONS."

It is stated that the forty-one deputies with 236 seats (in which the official returns is directly known) the Bonapartist candidates number 146, while the Orleanists are even below the remaining 87, for there are some large districts in which the Republicans will be unopposed. If this calculation is correct, and if the president should be the same in the rest of France a Cabinet might not even in attempt what not even the victory. What would the prospect for the Marshal and the September with a Chamber nearly two-thirds Bonapartist? Maybe he would not have left the city for Cherbourg. The municipality there have had the bad taste to refuse a vote of money for his reception, and to close that picture, and then upon this." A few days are the President made a visit to the new Hospital Haut Dieu, of Lariboisiere. The former is in the centre of the crowd which were in waiting for him cheered him most vociferously with cries of "Vive la Republique!"

"PARIS."

Great preparations are going on in the theatrical world, and in a few weeks Paris will be herself again. There are to be new plays, new operas, and everything is promised to be of the most attractions. Improvements are going on in all quarters of the city. Five new squares will soon be given up to the public, and before long all the trees cut down during the siege will be planted again, and Paris can then count 100,000 of them. This does not include those in private gardens. Of gardens, of public institutions, nor in cemeteries, but purely municipal trees.

"ROSINE STOLTZ."

The revival, during the last week, of the Opera of Sir Sterne de l'hyver, has given an opportunity of recounting some interesting incidents in regard to it. About forty years ago a young woman, endowed with beauty rather than magnificence of a voice more penetrating than exact, made her debut at the Royal Academy; being also an impassioned performance, she spread the fame of her name as a musical world. The actress and the woman reigned supreme upon the public and upon the manager—in a word, she was "la Reine du moment" of the fullest sense of the word.

One evening, when she was not over-impressive entrusted to her part. That noted woman, but there came a fall at last, which was sudden, cruel, and irreparable. In the part 1847, during the representation of Robert Bruce, the proud actress who was called then Rosine Stolts, and who hides her name and her celebrity under that of a dead Italian (Tyrrhtes emopordina) in some seasons do much to the public, to the enjoyment of the public, and to the delight of the public, and to the delight of the public, and to the delight

MR. GORDON'S Picnic Party.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Helena Tremper had been unhappy all day. Her fine clothes annoyed her, and she envied the other girls their plain attire. She did not attempt to help them prepare the dinner, although she trembled with eagerness to do so, because Miss Louisa had said she must be careful of her pretty dress, and had given her a seat beside her, so she sat reading.

Many of the girls sang to the accompaniment of a guitar, the property of one of their number, but although Helena possessed a good voice, and was well skilled in the use of the instrument, no one seemed to remember her accomplishments, and she received no invitation to play until it was given at the suggestion of Mary Lucas.

The truth was Helena had resolutely refused to politics in her companions by her ill-natured reserve and haughty manner, and the neglect she now felt was of her own creating. She was fully aware of this, and acutely repented of her severity. She felt lonely and lost among all this multitude of young people, and drew off away to the rocks to be alone, that she might indulge in the tears she could no longer repress.

Here she found the solitude she sought, for the clinging wax lobelias, and those who had attempted it had given it up for some less tiresome pleasure.

Poor Helena pursued her way up the rugged rocks, leaving fragments of her sanity dress on every jutting point; but,regardless of all things except to gain a place where she could be entirely alone, she climbed farther and farther until finding a hollow in the surface of the rock, she sat down there, to ponder over her sorrows. Poor girl! she little knew the terror she was for her future life descended from her treacherous resting-place.

The sun was fast approaching the horizon, when Helena, having regained her composure, looked down on the scene below her.

Fearing that she was missed, yet she should be forgotten and left behind when the party bent their way homeward, she attempted to retrace her steps, but had hardly placed her foot on a ledge below her when, with a second step the stone gave way, and she fell intoto deep ravine, from which there was no escape with out assistance. the uttered loud cries in her distress, but they were unheard, for the large had indeed arrived at which the party was to cross the lake, and they were too distant to hear Helena's voice.

It seemed to the poor imprisoned girl as if ages had passed since her fall, yet she still was listening for an answer to her oft-repeated cries. But the silence was unbroken, and she was fast giving way to despair, when a footstep greeted her strained ear. "Helena," it cried. "Helena, dear, where are you?"

She knew in a moment it was Mary Lucas' calling, and her heart leaped afresh as she thought how little kindness she could expect from her hands.

It happened, fortunately for Helena, that Mary had been engaged gathering specimens of moss on the other side of the ravine at the fall. Mary had just finished her work, and was hastening away to join her companions, as the hour was late, when she was startled by Helena's cry of distress.

Regardless of everything, except giving help when it was needed, she quickly returned again, listening with all her might for another cry. Helena had become so hoarse from continued screaming that she now could scarcely whisper, but Mary had recognized the voice. She knew Helena could not be far away, and Mary was not easily turned aside from doing what she considered her duty. Although she had ceased to hear Helena's calls, she looked into every crevice of the rock, calling, "Helena, Helena," until at last she discovered the pit into which the girl had fallen headlong.

It was a long time before Mary could free Helena from her prison; but with the aid of her shawl, which she fortunately had taken with her, into the ravine, she succeeded in drawing her up to the surface of the rock.

Strange to say, Helena was not injured by the fall,and they immediately hurried forward, hoping to find their companions at the end of their arrival. The night was closing around them, and the air was cold and chilly, as they reached the pic-nic ground, to find they were alone in this desolate spot, for the boats had crossed the lake, and they were left behind.

Helena wrung her hands in despair. "Oh! Mary," she cried, "how can I ever lift up my head in your presence again! I owe my life to you—to you, whom I have ever thought of with contempt, and have tried with all my power to injure in the esteem of our schoolmates. Well do I deserve that you should have left me to die, instead of which you have encountered the peril of being left here to pass the night in this dismal place, rather than leave me in my trouble. How can I ever repay you for your great kindness to me?"

"By not raying anything more about it, dear Helena. We must now think of our comfort for the night, instead of anything else. Suppose we talk about us. Possibly you may find nonsubject more forgotten that may be of use. I remember hiding away a napkin, containing some cake and sandwiches, under a bush for little Sally Sorrs. She told me she would surely be hungry before night, poor little dear! I promised her mother to care for her as we returned home. Well, come, Helena, we will, perhaps, find the napkin in the hiding place, and its contents will make us a supper."

It was now quite dark, and the poor girls felt miserable in their loneliness. Mary remembered she had left her shawl in the morning to boil some water. She knew where she had laid some matches, and was fortunate enough to find them.

A fire was built on the soluw of the old one, with some of the dry brush that had not been consumed. By its light the napkin was found as it had been left. After their slight repast had been taken, the girls gathered up more wood and made a great blaze, hoping it might draw the attention of some one to their forlorn condition.

The sun of an August night is frequently heavy as a light rain. It was particularly so on this eventful evening, and the girl's garments were drenched with it, making them feel cold and chilly.

Helena had undergone a terrible excitement during her short confinement in the ravine, and it now began to tell upon her weary frame. She trembled with fear at every sound, fancied she saw fearful beings in the darkness, and would not be satisfied unless clasped tightly in Mary's arms. After awhile she fell asleep, and Mary carefully wrapped her from the night air, in a flannel shirt removed from her own person for that purpose. Then she gently sound Helena's head in her lap, and Mary lay still and quiet, entirely unconscious that fairies were dashing on the lake shore, careful by their anxious fathers, who together were seeking for their lost daughters—two friends, who had been estranged for many years, brought together at last by a kindred calamity.

The girls were awakened by approaching footsteps. Clinging together they braced themselves to meet the evil, whatever it might be, but their fears were lost in surprise and joy.

In their joy at the recovery of their children anajured, the two fathers renewed their bond of friendship, and all the old differences were forgotten.

Helena ever after was grateful for the lesson she learned on the mountain side, and the good and amiable Mary Lucas never regretted the acquaintance that ensured to her father his best friend and opened a new chapter in the life of Helena Tremper.

[THE END.]

GLEANINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

The rectite is to man as important an article of dress as a bonnet or hat is to a woman, but probably few men, as they stand before the mirror with every thought involved in the artistic management of their hair, think of silk, or the mechanism by which we realize that much can be said and written of a subject so apparently trivial as changes which custom and fashion have introduced in its general appearance.

Neckties are of comparatively recent date as articles of civilized costume, and their introduction in fashionable society was in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Duke of Monmouth, the favorite son of Charles the Second's rebel. They have been worn uninterruptedly since then, but showing in their various changes which could and fashion have introduced in its general appearance.

Neckties are of comparatively recent date as articles of civilized costume, and their introduction in fashionable society was in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Duke of Monmouth, the favorite son of Charles the Second's rebel. They have been worn uninterruptedly since then, but showing in their various changes which could have they not pushed—from bread to narrow, from long to short, from "gay to gay, from thrifty to seedy, and back again to thrifty. The shirt collar has varied almost as much as the hat, and the original band of white linen has given way periodically to brighter and more costly materials, only returning ever again to the starting-point. As worn by the dandies in the time of Charles II., the fall was of ample proportions, and in 1662-3 and 1682-6, Charles II. is charged £20 18s. 6d.'s new lib to be worn on the birthday of Queen Catherine, and Charles II. is charged £36 10s. for the cravat of Venice lace to wear on the day of his coronation. In the Great Wardrobe accounts of a later period is an item of William III.'s expenditure, "To six point neckties, £12s." In the time of William III., ties were worn extremely long, and the dandies of the day used to pass the ends of them through the buttonholes of the waistcoat, in order to prove the excessive length of their neckcloths. The reign of Louis XIV. had introduced the fashion with open arms, and was always conspicuous for the magnificence of the embroidery and lace that decorated the cravat. Subsequent improvement was made in the white linen and lace, which were indeed too delicate, too easily soiled, and only to be worn made of black silk and silk of all colors. A great variation of the fashion arose also in 1688, and for some time ensuing, in the form of the battle of steinkerque. It was related that the French officers dressed themselves in great haste for the battle, and hurriedly twisted their cravats round their necks; and in commemoration of the glorious victory achieved by the Marechal de Luxembourg over the Prince of Orange, they wore a careless, studied negligence in the mode of wearing a cravat became a rage in France, and was termed a la Steinkerk. Steinkerks, as they were soon called, were worn in France by men and women; and, of course, as consequence women soon began to wear cravats as well as men. The steinkerk was generally made of fine linen with a broad frill of lace at each end; sometimes the lace was economized by using the fashion of the day were black silk steinkerks, but as prudence or economy dictated, the more expensive lace of the age, the marvellously delicate linen and costly lace were worn only on state occasions. Steinkerks of various materials, either in linen, lace, or colored silks, on them fashion changed. The original form of about the neck instead of being spread over the shoulders. Ladies of rank and opulence among their family relics long, oval-shaped brooches of lapas or crystal stones, set in gold, and sometimes they served. These old-fashioned articles of jewelry were worn in such a way that a ribbon through the buttonhole for the lace steinkerk, which was previously worn in the button hole. Presently the steinkerk gave way, eventually, in favor of much more economical way of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

Though fools may scorn its sacred flame,
[illegible]
Still let us love its holiest name,
Till memory's lost in Lethe's wave.

Yes, let us cherish friendship dear,
And let us love affection's bowers,
'Twill serve to weave around us here
A garland from Life's fairest bowers.

MAY'S HOME.

"[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Some cures are meant for home care."

"May Linton! sweet May Linton!" he murmured, as he went home from his business.

Home! It was only a dingy boarding-house, ruled over by a dwarfed and wizened landlady in a purple worsted shawl. But May dwelt there—sweet May with her girlish grace and ready laugh, and her braids twisted round a high comb on the top of her little head.

She met him in the hall.

"I'm so glad to get home!" he said.

Her face flushed a little, and her eyes grew more full of light. It was so easy to see why he was glad.

"I only came in myself a moment since," she stammered, and stopped, embarrassed at having answered his meaning rather than his words.

But young men are less observing of these little inner shades than young girls, for they are not required to guard the expression of their feelings, and Harry Bender was too happy to notice, or, if he did, it sounded quite right.

They were drifting toward that hour when some word or look would prove the Open, Sesame, to their untried hearts, and then there would be a silence full of speech, into which a kiss would come of its own accord, to be remembered ever after as the awakening from a vague sweet dream into the sweetest reality on earth.

So the two were a little shy with each other now, and in their game of backgammon, if their hands touched by mistake, they would feel how very awkward they were, and pretend to ignore their awkwardness, and remember it with dreamy smiles [illegible] pillows that night.

[illegible]

...gether in the cottage which was to have been an earthly paradise. Nothing had gone wrong that anybody could have helped, apparently, but somehow the glory had rubbed off. May seldom laughed till she was too weak to hold the baby nowadays. Her arms were oftener inclined to feel heavier from fatigue; but then this was the third baby, and a much more exacting one than "Miss Bender" had been.

It was delicious June. The white sails went up the bay, and took Venetian colors from the sunset.

"You look tired, May; give me the baby."

"No, aunt Dodo; it would only save a drop in the bucket of my tiredness. It is quite chronic," said May, with a laugh which I am glad Harry did not hear. Laughter without a heart in it has a bad effect on a man in his own house.

"Do you always have that pain in your back? Doesn't it ever stop?"

"Never," answered May. "That is, it never does when I am awake, and I often dream that I am being sawed in two at the spine, so it is to be supposed it goes on when I am asleep."

"I wish you would see a doctor," said aunt Dodo, peeling apples.

"Harry thought as you do," May remarked, when she came back from putting the baby to sleep in its cradle in the next room.

"Thought what?" asked the old lady, wonderingly.

"Oh, nothing. About the doctor."

"What was that? I forget. Oh yes, about your pain."

"I wish I could forget it one minute in my life. One minute's utter rest!" said May. "Harry did go to one," she continued, "though I begged him not to waste the money, for, as you know, we shall lose the house if that mortgage is foreclosed, and every dollar tells; but he would. Poor Hal!" said the wife, wiping her eyes. "He said my temper needed curing, if my back didn't. It's very hard on him, my being so nervous. What do you suppose the doctor told him?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Josephine Pinkham. (I beg pardon for not introducing aunt Dodo properly to the reader before now.)

May laughed again.

"He advised him to take me to Europe."

"Did you ever!"

"He told Hal that five women out of ten had more or less of the same thing, and that rest was the only cure—rest of body and mind."

"Did he know how you were situated?" asked Mrs. Pinkham.

"I don't imagine he could have taken Hal for a millionaire," replied May. "I rather think it was veiled satire on the Doctor's part. There is a resort, I understand, where the most...

[illegible]

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REED.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

D.

[CONTINUED.]

DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON.

The following custom was observed till the dissolution of monasteries in the time of Henry the Eighth. It is said to have been instituted in the time of King John, by Richard Fitzwalter, a favorite of his, and a nobleman of unbounded munificence; he is reported to have been at the expense of rebuilding the Convent of Dunmow, and was, in other respects, a great benefactor thereto. The custom was observed with great solemnity and triumph in the manner following: The party claiming the gammon or as it was sometimes given, a flitch of bacon, was obliged to take an oath, kneeling before the prior of the convent, the friars and brethren, and an assemblage of the town's folk, upon two pointed stones in the churchyard; the oath was administered with a long process, and while it was going on the friars accompanied it with solemn singing. As soon as this ceremony was ended the pilgrim for the bacon, as the claimant was called, was taken upon men's shoulders and borne round the priors' churchyard, and then through the church and town also, with the whole course following in procession, carrying the bacon before him. When this was gone through the person departed for his home, bearing the bacon along with him, thereby ending the pastime. The form of the oath was as follows:

"You shall swear by the custom of our confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression,
Since you were married to your wife,
By household brawls or by contentious strife,
Or otherwise in bed or board,
Offended each other in deed or word,
Or since the parish clerk said amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again,
Or in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true and in desire
As when you joined hands in the holy quire.
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave,
For this is our custom in Dunmow well known
Though the sport be ours—the bacon's your own."

The chair in which the successful candidate for the bacon was seated after obtaining the honorable testimony of connubial happiness, is still preserved in Dunmow Church, and forms part of the admiranda of that place. It is of great antiquity, and was more probably the official chair of the prior, or that of the Lord of the Manor, in which he held the annual courts and received the suit and service of his...

[illegible]

OUR FASHION CHAT.

Society's boquin has sounded its notes of return, and from the seaside and mountains we hear of rapid journeys homeward, while "Fashion's weathervane," which is the guide of our social atmosphere, points now, too, in the direction of vacant homes and places, while the thoroughfares are again assuming their wonted air of busy activity. Although we still have a certain lingering of Summer in the warmth of the sunshine, there is an undisputable reminder that we have said good-bye to Summer days, when one sees written here and there the "Month of September." It's but a step from the close of pleasure's day to that of duty and business, and among the many who must take that step, more than one turns to take one lingering look behind.

Among the many new or familiar things which greet our eyes, there is nothing which we, women, welcome more warmly than "Dame Fashion," who again appears on the scene, to preside over the rich autumnal feast she has prepared for us with her usual, wonderful skill; and we gather around it with as much zest and keenness of pleasure as if we had entirely forgotten that but a short time had passed since we enjoyed with the same eagerness one which was full of the charms of Summer. But with our usual feminine fickleness, we turn our backs on charms which are passe, and forget them amidst the pleasures of seeing new ones.

Although it is but the beginning of all that is to come, it is like marshalling legions to bring before my readers all that is to be seen even now on the crowded counters of the shops, which are even receiving fresh additions to their supply every day. As the display is confined principally to unmade goods, I will only attempt to describe the general style of Fall fabrics, and reserve that of made-up goods until the general Fall "openings" take place, on which occasion one can see the models designed by Fashion, which serve as guides for making up that which may be one's selection, among this innumerable variety of wool, silk, satin and velvet. From the general style of materials there is every indication that costumes will be a combination of several fabrics, for the wool materials have that rough surface from which they take their name of "knap" cloth, and which gives them a weight and thickness which renders them more suitable for the overdress or polonaise, or basque and overskirt, while the underskirt is of some lighter material; the costume of one material being reserved for the debeges which appear in very dark solid shades of gray and brown, and are suitable for simple costumes for either travelling or undress occasions. Even these, with a...

[illegible]

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]